

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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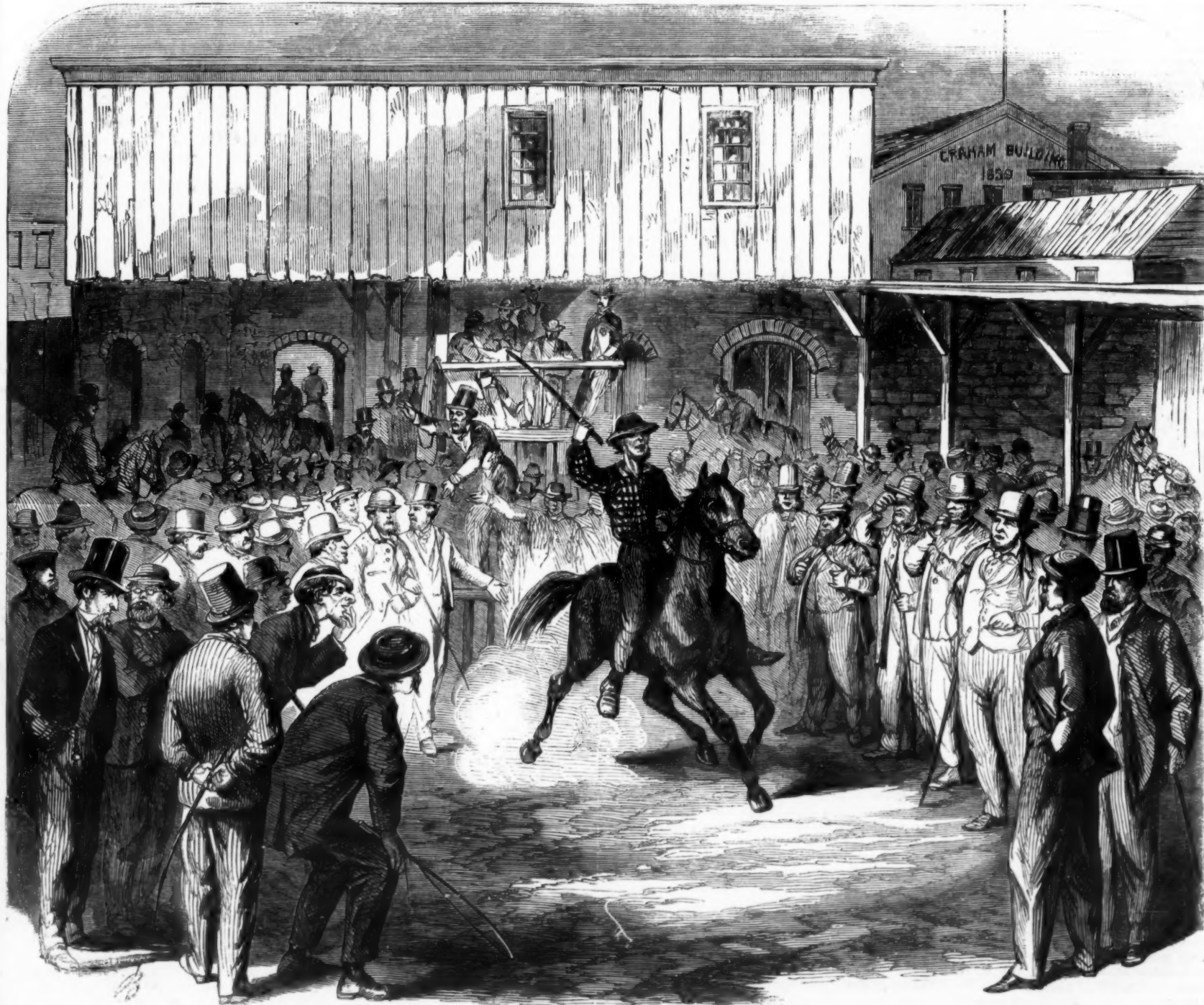
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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Can Women Commit Murder?

The clamor against the trial of the conspirators to the assassination of President Lincoln, by a military court in Washington, was based mainly on the indisposition of the nation to submit longer to martial rule than was absolutely necessary to secure the re-establishment of the national authority throughout the country. The people of the United States are justly suspicious and impatient of that sometimes indispensable, but always dangerous instrument of power, martial law. It was thought by many, when the trial of the

conspirators took place, that there was no public exigency requiring that their case should be removed beyond the cognizance of the civil courts; but a considerable part of the criticism on the government, on account of its course, was inspired only by hostility to the administration, and came from those who, if not open rebels, had always been sympathisers with the rebellion. The government, however, was not swayed from what it considered its duty, by friendly counsel or hostile criticism, and the result of the recent trial of a woman named Mary Harris, before the District Court of Washington, must convince every impartial mind that it acted wisely, and only in the interest of justice. It is now clear that one certainly, perhaps most of these conspirators, would have escaped the penalty of their crimes, had they been handed over to the judicial Dogberrys and the morally-perverted juries of the national capital.

We need not recapitulate the facts in the case of this Miss Harris. They are sufficiently notorious. It is enough for our present purpose to say that she came on deliberately to Washington, from some western town—went deliberately to the Treasury Department—waited there patiently for most of the day, until the clerks left at the usual hour, and then deliberately shot one of them, named Burroughs, dead. The trial of this woman, which was conducted with levity and want of decorum, by judge, counsel, jury and spectators, that would have disgraced a prize-fight, elicited that some years ago Burroughs carried on a rather warm flirtation with Miss Harris, who was then a milliner's clerk, and wrote her a considerable number of letters, not more than usually silly and sentimental, and leaving the impression that Burroughs was only an average boy who had worked himself into the belief that he was in love with the little milliner. Subsequently it seems, having perhaps meantime had the measles and cut his back teeth, his passion died out, and falling in with some sensible woman, he redeemed his previous folly by marrying her and settling down to business. He came to Washington, was employed in the Treasury Department, and seems to have comported himself with propriety—was industrious, steady, and in all respects a good citizen.

The little milliner, however, was not satisfied to let the little love flame lighted in her little heart, flicker and die out, as it has done in the hearts of most girls, milliners and others, but must fan it into a consuming fire, quenchable only with blood. In this process she naturally "got off her feed," became dyspeptic and hysterical, and manifested, on several occasions, the ordinary symptoms of those ailments—excellent manifestations for the use of the shrewd lawyers who conducted her defence, and which they failed not to represent as evidences of an insanity which overcame all knowledge of right and wrong, and made the subject irresponsible.

There was an attempt on the trial to show that Burroughs had undertaken to lure the girl into a house of ill-fame, with a view of blasting her character, and creating an excuse for marrying another, and to show that this had unsettled her mind, and produced a state of frenzy resulting in the murder. But the attempt miserably failed. Nothing—absolutely nothing was proved against Burroughs, except that he had made foolish love in the common foolish way—an offence so common and trivial that even when pushed to the very extreme of a proposal for marriage, is generally regarded as pretty well atoned for by "six cents damages and costs," in a suit for breach of promise.

And yet this woman was acquitted by a Washington court and jury, on the ground of insanity—not your absorbing, continuous insanity, that wholly swallows up the senses and controls the mind with an irresistible impulse, but of an intermittent and more convenient variety. It was not pretended that Miss Harris was insane all the while—only when she left home to commit the murder, when she bought the pistol, when she loaded it, and when she fired it. At all other times she was sane enough. Her witnesses, who seem to have been prepared to swear up to their business, could not be made to testify to the symptoms which characterize insanity, in her ordinary life and conduct. A convenient doctor or two, it is true, succeeded in making a muddle on the subject, not very satisfactory to themselves, and which could only excite disgust and contempt, except with a Washington jury resolved on an acquittal.

As we have said, Miss Harris was acquitted, after a charge from the presiding judge, which should lead Congress to alter the composition of the Washington judiciary with the least possible delay, and went out of court, after a grand tableau, in which slobbering, hurrahing and kissing, alternated with hand-shaking and other extravagant congratulations. No one thought of the poor clerk, shot down like a dog; nor of his wife, in her weeds and desolate home! Thus was the temple of justice defiled! Thus was the prudence and foresight of the government vindicated in not putting Mrs. Surratt,

nor even Payne, on trial before a Washington court and jury! Had it done so, we might have read in the telegraphic summary in this morning's journal, "Mrs. Surratt arrived last evening at the — House, Baltimore. She was attended by Judge —, of Washington, and was welcomed by a large party of friends at the depot." Or: "Mr. Payne, the gentleman who was so triumphantly acquitted by an enlightened jury, in Washington, of an attempt to murder Mr. Seward, has reached town. He is the guest of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. —. The injury which he sustained in his right hand, during his encounter with Mr. Frederick Seward, we are happy to learn, is rapidly disappearing."

It was not our intention, at the outset, to dwell so long on this wretched mockery of justice in Washington, but to direct, so far as in our power, attention to that public feeling or sentiment which seems to exempt women from judgment by that standard of justice and responsibility which is so rigidly applied as regards the other sex. No case can bring up more distinctly the right or wrong of this feeling than that of Miss Harris, and it behoves all thinking men, and those who have the welfare of the community at heart, to give it serious consideration. On what ground of morals or expediency are women to be exempted from that accountability which society has found it necessary and expedient to establish in its laws, before which both men and women are presumed to stand in perfect equality? Is crime less criminal because perpetrated by a woman? Or do the civil systems deal in some respects so hardly with women as to require that they shall have greater latitude in others? Is it because they have no direct voice in framing the laws, that, therefore, they shall have immunity from their inflictions, while they enjoy their guarantees? Is it because we feel conscious that we exact the utmost penalty on women for violations of social laws, which in men are scarcely noticed, that we are disposed to allow her a compensating latitude in other directions? Or is this feeling, to which we have alluded, the offspring of an unhealthy sentimentality, or an imperfect concession to the repugnance to capital punishment, which has so wide a diffusion in the community, and which, without demanding a complete change in the laws, satisfies itself for the present, and shirks the main question by insisting only on their partial execution?

We are inclined to think that the latter is the true explanation of the actual anomaly in our criminal practice. It results from the moral cowardice of the community, and a wretched conservatism, which is making murder a pastime for women. We may as well at once concede the fact, after this Washington affair, that women cannot be convicted of murder. Miss Harris committed murder or nothing; it was impossible to frame any other indictment but that of "wilful murder" against her, and on that issue she had to be tried. The jury had to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against her, or acquit her. To have adjudged her only guilty of homicide would have been to burlesque the forms and make ridiculous the plain meaning of the terms of law. The punishment of "wilful murder" is death, and the jury was determined not to hang a woman!

There was a time in England when sheep-stealing was a capital offence, and when sheep-stealers were rigorously hung. There came a time, while the same laws were still on the statute book, when it became impossible to convict men of sheep-stealing, because juries did not believe sheep-stealing was an offence deserving of death. When the punishment was modified, convictions for the offence became practicable.

The parallelism is not altogether complete, but the change in public sentiment, as regards the punishment for murder—especially as regards women—has been similar. Juries will not convict them of the crime, so long as the present punishment is prescribed. There is the naked fact. And yet there is not a juror, outside of Washington certainly, who would pretend that female murderers should not be punished, and in an exemplary manner.

What is the remedy for a condition of things that all admit is wrong and dangerous? Judges may lecture, and theorists may demonstrate the duties of a juror; but the plain, simple Americans who sit on juries, have hearts abounding with affection and generous sentiment, and no oath is strong enough, no sense of obligation to the law is sufficiently powerful to make them say "guilty" in certain cases of legal murder. If, by any process of mental jugglery, they can persuade themselves that the case has an element of uncertainty, they let the prisoner go free; and when their humanity tells them of the existence of extenuating circumstances, they not seldom reform the law without heeding judicial instructions. Of course, by the theory of law, these jurors act foolishly and culpably; and by the theory of common sense, the law acts foolishly and culpably in placing honest men in such a position, that they feel perjury to be their duty.

Our present system of capital punishment does not accord with the moral sense of the

country; and to spare themselves the anguish and shame of degrading spectacles, people are having recourse to the appalling theory—that every person is insane who commits murder under the slightest possible temptation.

On all other matters we accept the scientific definition of insanity, and refuse to call a man insane who does not suffer under incoherence, fatuity, or delusion; but when a comely murderer is tried by public opinion, thousands of good persons persuade themselves that he is insane, although they are familiar with the signs of madness, and are aware that no one of those signs is present in his constitution. The actual Premier of England—Earl Russell—in discussing this state of things, has come to the conclusion that the death penalty must be abolished, on the ground that justice may be met. He says:

"For my own part, I do not doubt for a moment either the right of a community to inflict the punishment of death, or the expediency of exercising that right in certain states of society. But when I turn from that abstract right and that abstract expediency, to our own state of society—when I consider how difficult it is for any judge to separate the case which requires inflexible justice, from that which admits the force of mitigating circumstances—how invidious the task of the Secretary of State in dispensing the mercy of the Crown—how critical the comments made by the public—how soon the object of general horror becomes the theme of sympathy and pity—how narrow and how limited the examples given by this condign and awful punishment—how brutal the scene of execution—I come to the conclusion that nothing would be lost to justice—nothing lost in the preservation of innocent life, if the punishment of death were altogether abolished. In that case, a sentence of a long term of separate confinement, followed by another term of hard labor and hard fare, would cease to be considered an extension of mercy. If the sentence of the judge were to that effect, there would scarcely ever be a petition for remission of punishment in cases of murder, sent to the Home Office. The guilty, unpitied, would have time and opportunity to turn repentant to the throne of mercy."

SINCE the publication of our last, an explanation, evidently from the State Department, has exonerated our Minister in France, Mr. Bigelow, from the charge of using the language imputed to him in the *Moniteur*, as regards the United States and Mexico. Immediately on the publication made in the French official paper, Mr. Bigelow addressed a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting a correction to be made, which, we presume, was made accordingly. We are happy to find that Mr. Bigelow did not commit the blunder attributed to him, and that the American attitude of direct and unyielding hostility to the French occupation of Mexico has been in no way compromised or misrepresented by him. There is and can be no mistake in this matter. France must leave Mexico, quietly, it is to be hoped—forcibly, if necessary. There is no article in the American faith more sacred or more widely accepted than that embodying the short principle laid down by Monroe, and which has made his name immortal.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for August opens with a very interesting paper on Bee, by Miss Prescott. Epes Sargent has a story about the Scotch element in Maryland, and Miss Cummins continues her Scottish Experiences. Baker has a most feeble imitation of the Tennysonian-and-water style of poetry, called the Countess Laura. These echoes, however well done, are not worthy our American poets.

Ticknor & Fields' magazine for "Our Young Folks," continues its highly successful career. The illustrations are very good, and the reading well adapted to both old and young children.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE have received several letters from old subscribers who, while owning their inability to go out of town, lament that there is no place of public amusement in the city, as there was in the good old days of Niblo. We have not forgotten the antediluvian years of 1849 and 1850, when there was an intermission of half an hour, to enable the audience to adjourn into a fine large adjacent saloon, where ice creams, sherry cobbler, and claret negus gave a double zest to the Ravel pantomimes. It was a great improvement upon the melodramatic, to escort your fair friends to a comfortable seat in the adjoining grounds, and, turning Ganymede, hand to her the nectar and ambrosia of claret punch and strawberry cream. In those days the managerial cupid had not converted the comfortable and roomy benches into instruments and traps of torture, where a moderate-sized human being is fixed in as firmly as a tooth in a Dutchman's head, and where it requires a mammoth dentist's fork to extract every occupant. It is difficult to conceive anything more ingeniously diabolical than those iron skeletons, which are sarcastically called seats, and rejoice in being numbered, as the galley slaves in France. You could then pass a pleasant hour at Mitchell's Olympic, and see Mary Taylor, then in her first bloom; or, if you preferred a quiet smoke and sangaree, in the Vauxhall Gardens, where now stands the Astor Library.

In those classic and ancient gardens an Irish meeting was held to celebrate the great Milesian victory of Slevegammun, when Gen. Hiram Wallbridge, then an elegant young gentleman, garbed in Fox's most elaborate style, thrilled his excited audience by advising the Irish to resist the British red coats, as their ancestors did, "in their boots—in their boots!" which the New York *Express*, printed "in their boots!" to the general's intense indignation.

But we must tear ourselves away from this dream of our youth, and observe that, with the exception of Barnum's pantomimic resurrection, at the Winter Garden, there is nothing to report in the theatrical world. In the meantime, if any of his friends wish to send him any curiosities, he has pitched the tent of his Museum in the Chinese Buildings, Broadway, where he will remain till his new Museum is built.

Brooklyn has indulged in a supplementary accident in Furman street, on the very spot where, some months ago, several lives were lost at a fire. We had hoped that the miserable plan of making gardens on the roofs of houses would have been abandoned; but on the present occasion the New York press lays the blame on the avarice and conceit of the owner of the property, where the double calamities occurred. We trust the coroner's jury will have the courage to do its duty, and indict the guilty party, whatever his wealth and standing in society may be. A British House of Commons has just indicted

the keeper of the Queen's conscience; let us imitate its pink.

Jones' Wood, which has lately been resonant with the awe-t-voiced Tontons, themes lives not the best us d race in their native land, only, when they come away, they don't carry their grievances with them—Jones' Wood, scarcely before the echo of "Faust" has died away, has resounded with the warlike threats of the Fenians, who met there to terrify that toothless old beast, the British lion. Col. Roberts made a very eloquent speech, which will, we are sure, strike more terror into the heart of his fellow-countryman, Lord Palmerston, than the iron-clads of France. Apart from the politics of the affair, the meeting was very orderly conducted, and gave our Irish fellow-citizens a pleasant holiday.

In the Police Court, the other day, a man was charged with rioting in one of the Third Avenue cars, which was so infamously crowded that, during the *mele*, the fainting women and screaming children had to be removed out of the windows. We call the attention of the public to the following part of the evidence:

"Mr. Dillon, a conductor on the Third Avenue railroad, testified that, at the time in question, the car was pretty near full.

"Q. What do you call full? A. When we get 90 to 100 passengers in it.

"Q. For how many have you seats? A. Twenty-four.

"Q. Is it the orders of the company to fill a car that way? A. No, sir.

"Q. Is it left discretionary with the conductors? A. It is left with the people whether they get in or not."

The conductor hits the nail on the head when he says:

"It is left with the people whether they will inconvenience themselves and others."

When the company raised the fare one cent, there was almost a popular tumult on the imposition, and on several lines the extra cent demanded was abandoned; but the continued swindle and indecency of putting three persons where there is only accommodation for one, is quietly submitted to. As the conductor says, it is the people's fault that the directors of the railroad lines impose upon them.

Of the many societies for the relief of our noble soldiers, the Soldier's Rest, 385 Fourth Avenue, New York, may be considered, in point of speciality, the most prominent. The regular feature of the organization is the furnishing immediate relief to soldiers returning to their homes, setting before them the best of food, and giving them all necessary information concerning the routes they are to travel, the fares they are to pay, and the best means of reaching their destination. The Soldier's Rest is supported entirely by private subscriptions, and is managed by those in immediate interest. John Van Deusen and Joseph O'Brien, both old soldiers, are always in attendance, and through their efficient services many hundreds of weary veterans have been carefully provided for, and "sent on their way rejoicing."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Terrific storms of rain, thunder and wind have ravaged the east and west lately. On the 25th ult. Hartford, Conn., was visited with one which converted the streets into rivers; Cincinnati was also much damaged by one at the same time.

—Speaker Colfax and his traveling friends were welcomed at Salem, Oregon, on the 19th of July, by Gov. Gibbs and the leading citizens.

—Gen. Grant and his family are at Saratoga.

—The celebrated warrior, Bloody Hand, so well-known as one of the most sanguinary of the Seneca Indians, died on the 10th ult., in his 100th year.

—Part of the wall, near Fulton street, left by the late fire at Barnum's Museum, fell on the 25th ult., injuring, but not fatally, several passers-by. Fortunately the workmen were at dinner.

—At the recent outbreak at Leavenworth, Kansas, over 20 persons were drowned.

—Miss Pauline Barnum, youngest daughter of P. T. Barnum, was thrown from her horse on the 27th of July, and much injured.

—The last rebel pirate, the Shenandoah, is committing vast depredations in the Arctic ocean, having burnt eight American whalers. It is feared that several more will fall into his hands.

—It appears that the heroic youth, who has gained much applause by jumping in and saving drowning persons, in the East River, has been doing so for a wager, the would-be suicide, "rescued from the jaws of death," going halves with him.

—Yale College has been especially honored by her sons during the rebellion. She sent 737 pupils to the war, of whom 565 were graduates, 3 have become major-generals, 2 brigadier-generals, 37 colonels, besides numerous others of lesser grade. Alfred H. Terry, of Fort Fisher, is one of her sons; Theodore Winthrop, author and soldier; Gen. Rice, who fell in the Wilderness, and many others.

—Gen. Sully has arrived at Fort Sully, Minn., with his forces. He is about moving on to Fort Rice, where the Indian chiefs have concentrated their braves for the purpose of giving battle.

—On the 25th ult., a wall fell down in Furman street, Brooklyn, burying in its ruins several of the workmen, whose mutilated bodies were recovered after several hours' hard labor. Considerable indignation was manifested against the proprietor of the building, who was considered as the chief party to blame.

—The notorious pugilist and gambler, popularly known as Billy Mulligan, was killed recently at San Francisco. He was a native of New Orleans, and in his 42d year.

—The Dean Richmond made her experimental trip from New York to Albany on the 25th of July. It was a perfect success, and proves that she is one of the fastest and handsomest boats on the river.

—The New York Herald says that Jeff Davis is in the receipt of numerous letters, reproaching him for having brought ruin upon the south.

—The official statement of the captain of the ill-fated ship William Nelson, burned off the Banks of Newfoundland, 2nd of July, with a loss of about 350 passengers, is published. The fire arose from the carelessness with which the vessel was fumigated.

—The little city of Hudson, on the North river, in this State, it appears, was placed completely at the mercy of a band of roughs on the 25th of July. On that day an excursion was made to the place by the Emmet Guard of Albany, and with them came a gang of outlaws, who set a little civil officer and civil regulations at defiance, attacked, beat and robbed the citizens on the river, entered and sacked the public places, and kept up a reign of riot and terror during their stay in the town. They made unlimited use of their fists, guns, pistols, clubs and stones, and so great was the consternation created by them that a large number of women and children in their fright fled for safety to the adjacent country. A number of citizens received serious injuries, helpless old men and boys being the persons principally maltreated. Only six of the rascals were arrested, and even these were liberally released on paying a small fine. These outrages are becoming so common that no punishment is too severe for the villains who perpetrate them.

Obituary.—Isaac Taylor, the well known, philosophical writer, died lately in his 77th year. He was born in England, August 17th, 1787. Educated for the church, he preferred literature, devoted his life to philosophical and religious study and writing, and published a large number of works, some of which had a wide popularity. His first book was "Elements of

Thought," (1822)—a Scotch metaphysical treatise. In 1829 appeared anonymously the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," his most popular work, overwrought in style and mythical in theology, but influential at the time. He was an opponent of Fueseyism, and published a series of tracts against it. "The Spiritual Despotism" received very high praise from Sir James Stephen as a treatise on Ecclesiastical Policy, and he followed it by many books relating to the church. Together with Traill, he prepared a new translation of Josephus, and he wrote largely during his life for different reviews.

Foreign.—Although the elections are not quite over in England, the indications are sufficient to show that Lord Palmerston will have a larger majority than he had in the last Parliament.

—Sir Roderick Murchison communicates to the London Times, a letter from Mr. Baker, the discoverer of Nyamya lake in Central Africa. The last discovery substantiates the opinion advanced by Speke, that the Nile flowed into the Lake Ngora, and then emerged from it in its course to Gondokoro.

—The new electoral law in the British colony of Victoria, gives votes to all women who pay municipal rates, and at the last election they availed themselves of their new power. It is reported that they "voted well," favored "educated candidates," as might have been expected, women being born aristocrats.

—In Paris, ladies are arming themselves with steel to an immense extent, steel waistbands and bright ribs of steel going round the entire body at about two inches distance. They wear steel ornaments of all descriptions, even earrings of steel, and a necklace and headpiece of steel bells, which jingle something after the fashion of omnibus horses, but of course more poetically.

—From an official return, it appears that in the year ending the 25th of March, there were 120 convictions for using short weights and measures, in the city of London and the metropolitan police districts. The principal offenders appear to have been costermongers and publicans.

—In the year 1864, the deaths of 4,283 seamen were reported to the British Board of Trade. Of these, 1,458 died from disease, 2,077 were drowned, while the death of 209 was attributable to other accidents, and of 541 to miscellaneous and unknown causes. The number drowned is largely in excess of that in previous years, it being only 956 in 1854, and 1,727 in 1863.

—How warm is the water at the North Pole, was the theme of discussion at a late meeting of the Royal Geological Society of London. Mr. Hickson, who began the debate, had no doubt of the extent of an open sea under the Pole, and Sir Roderick Murchison agreed with him. The opinion that temperature becomes warmer on approaching the Pole, was, he said, to some degree confirmed by the temperature at the extreme north of Siberia, which was warmer than it was farther south.

—In the year 1864, there were published in London 3,553 new works and new editions, including pamphlets. Of these there were of religious, 715; biography and history, 233; geography, topography and books of travel, 151; fiction—including juvenile works—842; poetry and general literature, 565; annuals and new series, 166; law and parliamentary, 79; medical and surgical, 124; European and classical philology—including translations—133; English philology and education, 177; naval, military and engineering, 52; politics and questions of the day, 55; agriculture, horticulture and field sports, 46; art, architecture, &c., 52; commercial, 41; science and natural history, 122.

—Mad. Kosuth, wife of the great Hungarian leader, died at Genoa lately.

—The French remedy for starting in the streets is good. If you regard a gentleman longer or more closely than politeness warrants, he takes off his hat to you. An Englishman or Yankee would remark: "I hope, sir, you'll know me again!"

Chit-Chat.—Queen Victoria's costume in public, of late, has been a black silk dress trimmed with ermine and jet, and a Mary Queen of Scots' cap, with a long veil; necklace and cross of diamonds.

—The chief of the bootblacks' association in Harborside went to the war and came back a hero. On his return his comrade in the shining armor received him with open arms. One seized his musket, determined to carry that to camp; another his haversack and canteen, desiring to relieve him of every burden, and still another his knapsack, all showing the regard and high estimation in which they held their old comrade. No less than a dozen followed him to camp, leaving the multitude to grieve over unpolished boots while they listened to tales of "blood and field."

—William Robinson, late of Augusta, Georgia, left for the founding of a female seminary at Exeter, N. H., \$150,000, on condition that the town procure suitable buildings and a certain number of orphans be admitted every year. It is designed to make one of the first-class seminaries of the country. It is feared that the Legislature will contest the will on the ground that the magistrates before whom the business was done, being a rebel, renders it void.

—Miss Braddon, the novelist, like Miss Evans, has her domestic dark spot. She is not the wife of Maxwell, the publisher, at whose board she sits, while Maxwell's wife is confined in a mad house. The pair live at Windsor.

—A gentleman riding in a street car in New York, was robbed of a valuable gold watch, and when the suspicion of the conductor pointed out the thief, and he was about to be searched, he quietly slipped the watch into the pocket of an honest soldier sitting next to him; of course the watch was not upon him, but after the robber and the robbed had left the car, the soldier, to his great surprise, found the watch in his pocket, and handed it over to the conductor for recovery by the owner.

—Whittier's last poem gets some slender Indian names into it, as:

"Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipiscaukee's hundred isles."

—A clerk in the Quartermaster's Department at Cincinnati, named Daniel Pierce, suspected of having defrauded the government, by false vouchers, out of \$10,000, was arrested a few days since. His lawyer, going to the Marshal's office with him, was allowed to take him into a private room above to confer with him. Taking advantage of this, he escaped through the back way, and has not been heard of since.

—Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, is falling very fast. He was just recovering from a severe throat disease, when, walking one evening in his late of Wight garden, he took cold, and now it is stated, symptoms of consumption are evident. His friends are going to remove him to the south of France at once, as the only chance of saving his life.

—Pyromania is the new and fashionable name for a propensity to set fire to a neighbor's house.

—Sir Boyle Roche, in one of the debates on the question of the Irish Union, made a speech in favor of it, which he concluded by saying "That it would change the barren hills into fruitful valleys."

—The Louisville Journal says: "Jeff. Davis and his followers got up the rebellion for the pretended purpose of rendering their property in slaves secure. And now Jeff. Davis is in a private room above to confer with him. His ex-slaves are cultivating his fine plantation of 2,000 acres, in Mississippi, for their own benefit."

The 14th day of the month has been made memorable by the assassins. Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravallac, made their murderous attacks on the 14th, and President Lincoln was shot on the 14th of April, 1865. In fact, the 14th day of the month may be considered the unlucky day for royalty, and most especially Saturday. William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, President Lincoln, and others, have all died on a Saturday.

A TURKISH MARRIAGE.

At one o'clock, on a hot day, under a scorching sun, and through dry dusty streets that made one wish for a little wholesome mud, we started to a Turkish marriage. Our own cavass in sober costume, and an ebon-colored cavass of the Pacha's, marched before us, each carrying a sturdy stick in his hand, and warlike weapons in his belt. It was a long weary walk, and in spite of our fine clothes—for we had made ourselves very smart—the dignity of our martial escort, and the salutations of little boys with no end of blue calico in their petticoat trousers, we were more than glad on arriving at a dreary house with a few sombre trees keeping guard in the lonely street, where giving up our umbrellas and parasols to Hassan and his brother cavass, and climbing an outside time-worn staircase, we found ourselves in a harem. After entering a large apartment, where numerous Turkish women were assembled, we were ushered into an inner room full of women, children, and a few female black slaves. The walls of this apartment were paneled, a large bunch of garlic hanging high up in one corner to keep away the evil eye. We were graciously received by the handsome and haughty-looking wife of the ex-governor of Beyrout, in white muslin and rose-colored ribbons, and the mother of the bridegroom, a little woman with an intelligent withered face. She was robed and trousseaued in yellow and white silk; necklace and earrings of fine pearls, her head draped with a shabby colored cotton kerchief, her tiny feet clad in silken hose and Turkish slippers.

The haughty lady wore on her head a flat white turban and a tuft of blue feathers.

We were invited to sit on the divan; chairs were placed for the rest; our hats were carried to an adjoining chamber; my nephew subsided on to a large cushion at our feet, where another small boy was already squatted. On the floor were several immense cushions, like feather beds or soft mattresses, covered with pink calico, on which many of the guests sat. Under a canopy at one end of the divan, the bride was seated, *à la Turque*, and motionless as a statue. So inanimate and pale she looked, one of the children fancied at first that she was a wax figure; another asked me if she was a Turkish goddess. Her dress—a present from her husband—was of rich lilac silk and gold-colored flowers. Her head-dress was profusely ornamented with brilliants; necklace and earrings of the same—presents from the mother of the late Sultan. On her chin and on each cheek were placed black patches, about the size of a four-penny piece, a brilliant in the centre of each patch. Occasionally one of the patches came off; then a slight movement was perceptible in the handsome head of the bride, and the youthful step-daughter of the ex-governor dipped the refractory patch into some sort of gum, and stuck it on again.

The bride was a Circassian, apparently about twenty, one of the many widows of the defunct Sultan, extremely good-looking, with fine dark eyes and hair, beautiful fair skin and regular features and pretty hands; her feet were invisible. The bridegroom, secretly to the Pacha, bethought himself of taking a wife, the charms of this fair Circassian were bruited about; the bridegroom's mother set off for Constantinople, and finding the favorable reports confirmed, brought home her future daughter-in-law. Her son had never seen his bride till a few days before the wedding. Thus they woo and win in the east.

"Happy is the wooing
That is not long of doing."

Fastened round the wall, under the canopy where the bride sat, were tastefully arranged shawls, scarfs and handkerchiefs of many colors, cloth and velvet caps and bags, elegantly embroidered gifts, also from the Sultan's mother, and forming part of the bride's trousseau.

Among the many Turkish women present, some were in colored silk, some in colored muslin or calico, others in white, trimmed with black or some bright color. They wore their hair twisted round the head and partly concealed by a handkerchief, or falling in interminable plaits behind; the headgear generally composed of handkerchief in gauze or other stuffs, ribbon or feather, with an ornament fastened in front or at the side. One or two had their hair cut short. Some wore Turkish slippers; others high-heeled boots. Most of the women had good eyes; otherwise none of them were particularly handsome, except the bride. A few of them had painted their eyebrows till they met in front. Those appealing eyes, that call forth pity when seen gazing mournfully from the yashmac, look altogether different in the harem. There was a hearty, cheery air about some of the women; they were fat and well dressed; the business of the toilette helps to while away the tedium of their lives. They chatted with each other, laughed and nodded encouragingly when we gave utterance to the few Turkish words we had learned for the occasion, looked at our dress, and doubtless thought it as extraordinary as we considered theirs. Without being exactly graceful, their peculiar attire and picturesque head-dress gave a charm to their appearance.

All the women wore long, full trousers, and some had their outer robe sweeping the ground; others wore a long wide jacket, coming down a good way below the waist. None of them seemed to have on stays, and it was indeed a novelty to see a room full of women without crinoline. I was told that probably not one of these poor souls could read or write. Among the guests was one of the wives of the Pacha of Rhodes, a handsome Circassian slave, whom he purchased some time ago; she wore a flowing robe with orange flowers on it—a belt round her waist.

We had sent in the morning to know if my nephew Ronald might accompany us. As he had not numbered eight years he was allowed to enter the sacred precincts, for till the age of ten boys are admitted into the harem. There were many children present, both boys and girls; the latter clad in the most uncomfortable habillamets, and, like their mothers, adorned with ornaments, necklaces of glittering coins covering their heads and throats. One little girl had on a stiff, dark green, large-patterned silk dress, that might really be said to stand alone; it would be taking a liberty to call such an unchildlike garment a frock. As the small, stately personage crossed the room, one was reminded of those starchy pictures in the time of Queen Elizabeth, where little girls look even more unnatural than they do now in crinoline.

We were hospitably entertained. A pretty young creature, with henna-stained fingers, glossy nut-brown hair, and maroon silk robe, presented us with sweetmeats and water. Presently another woman, carrying over her arm exquisitely fine serviettes, embroidered in red, green and gold, gave us almond milk. Some time after a black slave brought us coffee, which we drank in true Turkish fashion, placing the fairylike unhandled cup (*finjon*) into a tase of filigree silver (*tsarf*), not unlike an egg-cup in form. There was something thoroughly Oriental in the whole scene; the statue-like figure on the divan, the women and children in their strange eastern attire, the black slaves with tattooed cheeks and gaudy garments standing round, one or two of them occupied with the coffee service, whose aromatic fragrance filled the room; wild, monotonous

music came stealing in through the open windows, where, grouped on a terrace, several men were playing on an Egyptian harp and on other musical instruments. The windows communicating with the outer chamber were darkened by henna-fing-r-d, eyebrow-painted women, peeping into our room; a negress, with glittering teeth and yellow kerchief round her head also taking a survey of the Frankish family.

The mother, and an intelligent young negress, whose good-humored face almost made one overlook her exacting ugliness, were the only people who could talk Greek with Clarisse. She made an excellent dragoman, and thus we gained some information about the bride.

The chief ladies had gone to dine in a retired apartment; the commoners were dining in a large room next us. We asked the mother if the bride was not going to eat too? No; she was not hungry—she thought of her husband and not of her dinner. It seems she had breakfasted on a small portion of pilaff, and towards evening would get a little more. No wonder she looked weary and somewhat sad. Why was she so silent? Oh, brides were ashamed to speak before so many people, but when left alone with one or two of her companions, she would talk to them. We suggested that the old lady must be tired with all her company and arrangements. Oh, no; her son was her only child, and she would gladly do twice as much for him. We expressed our admiration of the bride's looks. Her son, she assured us, was better looking, and, though not the custom, she would send for him, if we would come at the same hour next day. We should thus see the bridegroom and bride together.

Under two glass-cases, at the other side of the room, were some of the bride's presents. Under one glass case was a china dessert service, preserve-glasses, silver candlesticks, and other articles of plate; all from the liberal mother of the late Sultan, who must have enough to do, if she looks after her son's widows and slaves in like manner. On the left hand, under the other case, were the husband's presents to his wife. A silver coffee and tray, an elegant little mirror set in silver, and a pair of embroidered slippers, worthy of Cinderella.

To the right were towels with colored borders, a shirt with embroidered front, a pair of braces elaborately worked, a shawl-cloth scarf, and a red and gold velvet bag for holding a comb to trim the beard of the new believer. These were the bride's gifts to her lord and master. The little mother bustled about and was delighted to show us all the finery. The bride looked as if she had no interest in the matter. After saying good-bye to the mother and the bride, we passed through the room where the commoners were at dinner. They were squatted at a low round table, on which were laid black wooden spoons, and seemed to have plenty of good things before them, meat, pilaff, and fruit.

We returned the next day to the chief reception room; the bride no longer sad and silent on the divan, but robed in pink and ermine and sitting on a chair, chatting merrily to the women next her, her patches off, her pretty feet very much turned in, clad in smart slippers. After we had sat awhile, and been kindly regaled with sweetmeats and excellent coffee, the women suddenly became very animated, looking eagerly from the windows towards the outer room. The good-humored negress clapped her hands, and shouted out something in Turkish. The women, like a flock of sheep, scampered off to hide themselves. The bridegroom was coming. The bride went into the outer room to meet him, and they came in, hand and hand, like the babes in the wood. He led her to her place under the canopy, and sat down by his mother's side, opposite us. He was heavy and sheepish, and anything but good-looking. The bride sat again like a statue, her face slightly turned towards the street window, and away from her husband. He glanced at her and said she was ashamed to speak. The old mother chattered away and looked the picture of satisfaction. The other women came and peeped in, whispering to each other. We gave the happy couple many good wishes, and after talking a few minutes, the son got up to leave, not liking to keep the women any longer out of the room. Again the negress clapped her hands, and the ladies rushed off to their hiding place. The bride escorted her husband to the outer door, hand in hand as before. Then, amid much noise and laughter, the fair hideers came back again. A tall lanky woman with a large hooked nose, and a hair cut short, rushed up to us, and asked if we thought the husband handsome.

Shortly after, in yashmac and ferridge, one by one, the Turkish ladies came to make their adieux to the ex-governor's wife and the bride, most of them lightly touching their forehead and heart, and rapidly stooping and passing their hand to the hem of the former's robe, kissed it, made a slight obeisance to the bride, bowed to us, and went away. One lady kissed the shoulder of the mother, and the latter kissed the hand of an elderly dame, who came up to bid her good-bye, those two being of higher rank than the rest.

When a man of inferior rank pays his respect to a pacha or other great man, it is the custom to kiss the hem of his superior's coat. Our pacha is a large fat man. When he wishes to be very civil to his guest, he draws back his coat to prevent it from being kissed; the guest, intent of being respectful, rushes full tilt at the habillament; the fat pacha, gathering the disparted garment together, makes haste to get out of the way by making a rapid circuit round the table, the discomfited guest careering after him. This pretty little farce goes on for a minute or two, till one or other has conquered.

We were among the last of the guests to say farewell to the bride, and leave the harem, the mother going with us to the door and making pretty speeches as we parted. Her son gave a dinner some days before, to which my brother and many other men were invited.

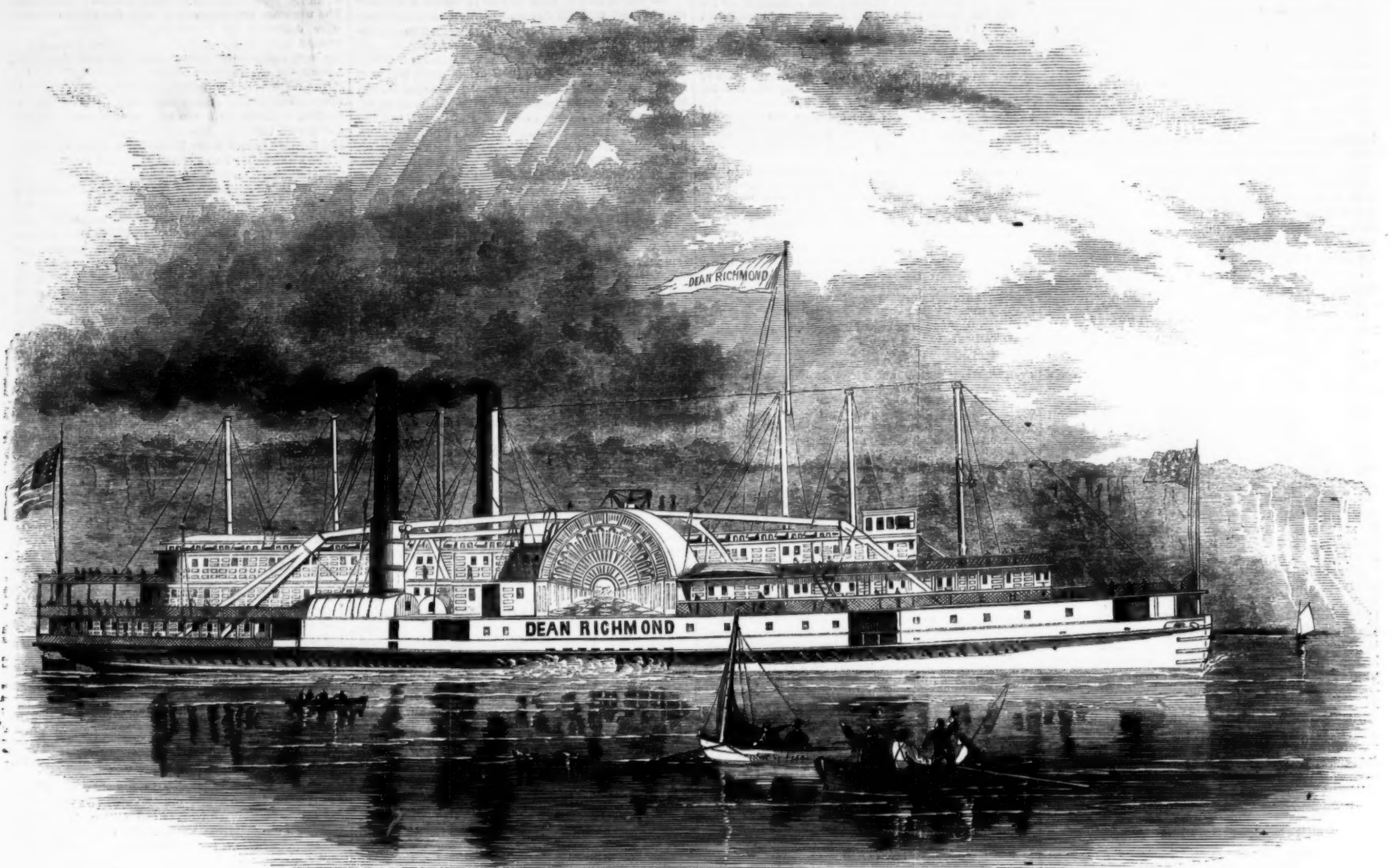
You must know a Turkish wedding lasts about a week, and we only came in for the latter part of the bridal festivities.

Among other ceremonies, the bride is taken to the mosque, where the priest puts henna on the palms of her hands, and ties them together. She is then covered with a cloak, head and all, and placed on a mule, a person walking on each side to keep her from falling off, and thus conducted to her husband's house. Ere her hands are untied, and the cloak taken off, the bridegroom offers her a certain sum as dowry, asking if she is satisfied with the amount. Should she be of a mercenary turn of mind, there is a long parley until he increases the sum to what she considers as enough.

Then she is lifted off her mule, her hands untied, the bridegroom holding a basin for her to wash the henna from her fingers. Honey and pomegranates are offered her; the first to show that she must be sweet-tempered and patient; the latter that her household must always be plentifully provided for; no scanty linnen press; no poverty-stricken store-wards; no empty larder.

In one part of the ceremony, the father of the bride goes to see her alone, and gives her a purse of money.

To work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously.



THE SPLENDID NEW HUDSON RIVER STEAMER DEAN RICHMOND, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. C. E. H. DONWILL.

THE NEW STEAMER DEAN RICHMOND, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE.

Of the many magnificent enterprises characteristic of metropolitan shipbuilders, the splendid New York and Albany steamer Dean Richmond may justly be considered the perfection of river steamboat architecture. The People's Line have, by their enterprise and enormous outlay, created an impetus in the business of river navigation, which has no parallel on this continent. The Dean Richmond personifies the idea of a floating palace. Like the St. John, she combines all the improvements of a first-class hotel with the accommodations afforded only on the great ocean steamers.

The Dean Richmond was built at a cost of \$700,000, and has accommodations for 900 first-class and 600 second-class passengers. Her internal arrangements are of the best possible style and character, and neither pains nor expense have been spared to make her the most commodious and comfortable boat employed in inland navigation.

The life-preservers most frequently used in the battlefield are long legs.

OFFICE OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.

Of all the busy, bustling scenes so noticeable at our fashionable hotels, where summer tourists most delight to congregate, none can be compared with the *mise en scene* of pyramids of trunks, the rush of visitors, and the general appearance of the office of the great Union Hotel, at Saratoga, on the arrival of the steamboat train from Albany. The Messrs. Lelands have made the Union Hotel not only one of the grandest and most extensive establishments of the kind in the world, but they have secured the patronage of the *élite* who admire Saratoga and its beautiful surroundings.

SALE OF GOVERNMENT HORSES.

To those of our readers who, like ourselves, are compelled, during this salamandrine weather, to remain in New York city, and who are in want of a "slight sensation," we would suggest a visit to the Government Stables, in 35th street, near 11th Avenue. Now that the "cruel war is over," and thousands of our soldiers are being disbanded, a similar fate

awaits some thousands of horses, who will charge the enemy or answer to the call of the bugle no more, but, like their former riders, will have to assume habits of peace, some to the whistle of the ploughboy, others to the business of city life, while a select few may possibly bear on their backs the fashionables of Central Park.

There is every variety of character, both human and equine, to be seen at these horse sales—the sharp and decisive auctioneer, the rotund and well-to-do livery stable-keeper, the sunburnt farmer, the young American "sport," the German groceryman, the rough-and-ready rider, and last and most important, the "speculator" *par excellence*, ever alive to chances.

The sales, which take place twice a week, are largely attended, and the horses, as a general thing, bring good prices.

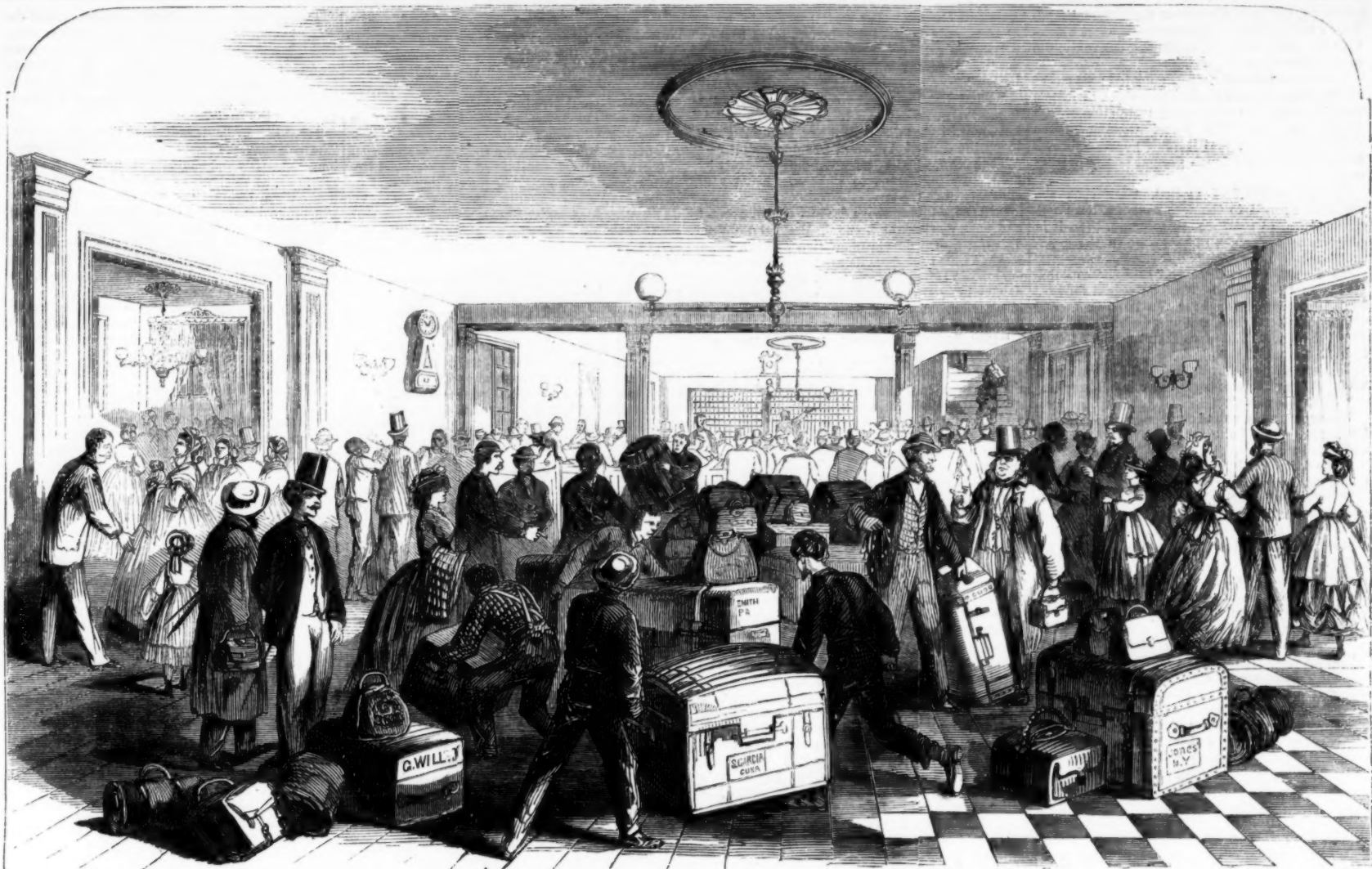
SPEED OF SOUND.—Everybody must have remarked that sound takes time to travel to a distance. The varying interval between a flash of lightning and the thunder which follows it is a familiar example. Watch a woodman felling a tree. Unless you be quite near him, you will see the blow given by the axe before you hear the stroke. In consequence of the enormous

swiftness of light, we may assume that you see the blow at the very instant it is given. The interval therefore, between seeing and hearing the blow, is the time which sound takes to travel from the tree to the spot where you are; and this very appreciable interval becomes longer the further you are removed from the working woodman. Retire to a spot where the interval of time shall be exactly a second, measure the distance from the spot to the tree, and you have the speed of sound, or the number of yards which sound travels in a second.

MAGNESIUM.—A few years ago, magnesium was worth \$200 an ounce; now it can be bought at \$2 an ounce, so greatly has the cost of its manufacture been cheapened; and it is now produced as valves and screw-tubes of considerable size and thickness, as well as in the form of wire. It is also highly useful for illuminating purposes, and experiments have been made with a view to its adoption for street lighting instead of gas. Of its brilliancy, there is no question; it throws gas on all ordinary lights into a shadow. A company in Rio Janeiro, where gas is sold at \$4.50 the thousand feet, wrote, not long ago, to the secretary of a scientific society in London, to ask whether magnesium could not be afforded at less cost. The inventive faculty is so lively at the present day, that it is not impossible a satisfactory answer may be given before the world is many years older.



SCENE AT THE WHARF OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMERS, FOOT OF CANAL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT RUSH OF TOURISTS TO SARATOGA AND OTHER FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORTS. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHILL.



APPEARANCE OF THE OFFICE OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMBOAT TRAIN FROM ALBANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

BABY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,

We knelt beside our baby's bed,
Just at the break of day,
And saw the sunshine of her life,
For ever fade away.



We watched the blighting bloom of death
Fall o'er our baby's brow,
And prayed in bitterness of heart—
"God spare our darling now."

Just at the first faint glow of day
Flamed up the eastern sky,
We felt the spectre's presence near,
And knew that she must die.

I strained my baby to my breast,
And kissed her pallid lips;
Oh! bitter pain to see her sink
Into death's dark eclipse!

She opened wide her tender eyes,
And looked into my own,
And then I knew how dear to me
My little one had grown.

She put her hands into my hair,
As with a mute caress,
Then laid her little tired head
Upon my aching breast.

The sunshine lit the eastern sky,
With an auroral light,
And baby passed into the land
Where there is no more night.

Her blue eyes closed in death's long sleep;
God bore her soul away;
And with the break of morn it passed
Into a perfect day.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE WITH GUERRILLAS.

JUNE 11th, 1863, as a bearer of special dispatches, I left New Orleans, accompanied by Captain Bell, of the Texan Rangers, for La Fourche, a distance of about sixty-three miles from the Crescent city.

Some of Dick Taylor's cavalry had been making a raid along the line of the Opelousas railroad, tearing up the track and burning bridges wherever they could reach the railroad, by making a dash past our outposts, with any reasonable probability of a safe return. We were, therefore, unable to go by rail towards our destination more than thirty miles. There we left the track, and through the kindness of Colonel Darden were furnished two strong field horses to continue our journey. It was then about noon of the day on which we took our departure from New Orleans. The colonel, as we were about leaving him, placed in our hands a small map of the route we were to take, and said jocosely:

"Keep an eye to the front, gentlemen, for, as you are aware, the greybacks, like foxes, have holes, and are liable to creep out for any purpose but to give a friendly greeting to travelers in your uniform."

"Very true," says Captain Bell, "I have had some experience with such fellows, and I know what to expect from them if we fall into their hands."

"Well, says the colonel, laughing, "we won't anticipate your capture. Good-by. Make my regards to General Weitzel, and tell him we are apparently defenceless down this way."

I thought I discovered, as we shook the colonel's hand at parting an expression of solicitude on his countenance, which seemed to say,
"I am afraid these gentlemen do not realize the perils of their journey."

It made but little impression upon my mind at the time, but I had occasion to remember it before another sunrise.

For the first four or five miles our stout horses trotted along lazily over what had once been a highway, but was then almost an unbeaten path. Before we left, the colonel pointed out to us a long line of cypress trees bordering an extensive swamp, the edge of which we were then entering. Neither of us were unused to traveling over the lonesome roads which traverse that country for miles without passing a human habitation.

As we entered the swamp the captain said:
"This is a dismal place—fit abode for a superannuated undertaker."

"Yes," said I, "with a very slight stretch of his imagination he could transform these blackened piles of rubbish into hearses, and this cypress moss into funeral plumes."

A person who has never traveled through a Louisiana swamp can hardly form an idea of their peculiarly mournful, desolate, and unforbidding appearance, from a description. In the winter



ENTERING THE SWAMP.

season they seem, as it were, to be alone—shut out from all the rest of the world by a leaden sky that hangs over them, as if it were a great lake and they at the bottom of it.

In summer the scene is only changed by the trees being in full foliage, and in place of the leaden sky, a blazing sun which seems to stupify every living thing, making vegetation droop and wither, and the leaves of the trees, which in a northern landscape form the greatest attraction, here combine with the drooping moss to make the scene only more dismal. It is a mystery to most travelers how, in a country where indolence and ease seem to be the principal characteristics of the people, the herculean task of building roads through miles of almost impenetrable swamp should ever have been undertaken. Even the alligators, snakes and lizards, seem to be conscious, as they lie sunning themselves on the embankments, that their dominion will never be disturbed.

Our progress was much slower than we thought it would be, and the sun had sunk low in the horizon before we had completed our nineteenth mile. In the most favorable weather we could scarcely have had more than an hour and a half of daylight before us, but the sky thickening with clouds, sudden puffs of cold air, peculiar to marshy ground, and the low whistle of the wind through the trees, gave us a warning that darkness and a storm were rapidly approaching. There was a slight expression of anxiety depicted upon the countenance of my companion, as he drew from his pocket the map the colonel had



ATTACKED BY THE GUERRILLAS.

given us, and carefully dotted the different landmarks with a view to determine our exact whereabouts. After carefully examining our route, the captain turned to me, saying:

"I confess I am a little disappointed; we ought to have been, by this time, within sight of Riley's clearing, and if I am right in my calculation, we are at least ten miles from there. Confound these infernal corduroy roads! It would puzzle a shrewd man to tell just how much ground we are getting over."

"Well, captain," I replied, "my eyes are suddenly opened to the fact that we have got more to do, to get through to camp, than it is pleasant to undertake at this time in the evening."

"I should rather think so," said the captain. "What is to be done? We, like stupid fellows, have been riding along for the last six hours, taking no note of time, and now we find ourselves in a fix, with a little more than an hour of daylight to get out of it."

The captain had hardly finished his sentence, when we heard a voice crying with bated breath:

"Hist! I say dar."

We involuntarily halted our horses, and listened for a repetition of the sound. The voice again exclaimed:

"You fellows with blue coats hadn't better be gwine much farder or you're gone dead."

We were both puzzled to determine the whereabouts of the mysterious individual who had volunteered to give us warning of danger. The captain had lived too long on the borders to parley.

Pausing a moment in a listening attitude the captain called out:

"Who are you, and where are you?"

"Here I is, massa."

"Where is here?" says the captain.

"In dis tree—don't yer see me?"

We both looked anxiously in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and after the most careful scrutiny discovered a negro seated on the branch of a tree, almost hidden by the foliage. As soon as the negro perceived that we had discovered his whereabouts, he beckoned us to leave the road, where he could converse with us more safely.

The captain, turning to me, said:

"What do you think this means?"

"I think," I replied, "he has some information to impart which may be of interest to us. I can hardly imagine any other motive that could have induced him to discover himself."

"How is the bottom, my boy?" said the captain, addressing the negro, referring to the ground off the road.

"There aint no bottom where you is, massa. Go up de road to dat ar broke log, and if you ar putty kurlful, you kin git up to dis tree wid yer horses."

The tree on which the negro was perched was between seven and eight rods from the road, and apparently inaccessible. We determined, however, to venture through, according to the negro's directions. The captain, taking the lead, was too careful a horseman to trust his steed where he was not willing to go himself, and, springing from his saddle, approached the log indicated by the negro as the best place to enter the swamp, and cautiously feeling his way, determined that the ground was strong enough to bear the horse. I remained seated, and slowly followed my companion as he pushed carefully through the thick undergrowth, until we reached a point where we could converse freely with the negro, who, when he saw we were within a few feet of the tree, descended and crept up to us. There was no mistaking him, he was a genuine Louisiana field-hand, with a frank, expressive countenance, indicating more intelligence than is usually displayed by that class of negroes.

"Well?" said the captain. "Out with it! Let us know what brought you here, and why you brought us here."

"Massa, ain't you sum o' Linkum's sagers?"

"Yes," I answered; "what of that?"

"Case thar ain't enough uv yer."

"Enough of us for what?" says the captain.

"Enough to go on this road much farder widout gettin' killed."

"What do you mean?" said the captain.

"Yer see, massa, I is one of de men dat belong to Massa Sheldon, who owns de plantation about two miles from har. Dis mornin', fore daylight, dar was 'bout twenty uv dem villans come 'long, and sed massa was a Linkum man, and dey tuk him off, and I spec dey killed him. Dey want gone mor'n two, tree hours, when dey cum back, and dey played smash wid ebry ting in de house. Dey set fire to de sugar-mill, and sed dey was gwine to take ebry hand along wid em. Dey sent me down in ter de grass field to fetch up de mules; but dis child didn't fetch em up, he fotedch himself inter de woods, and har he be."

"Well, how do you know they are there now?" said the captain.

"Kase I heard one of em say dey reckon day'd hang out dar for a night."

Scarcely had the negro finished his last sentence when the storm, unheeded by us during this conversation, came upon us in such fury as to make a place of shelter our first consideration. Almost simultaneous with the bursting of the storm, it grew suddenly dark, and the blackness of midnight surrounded us.

"We are in for it," said the captain, as a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a deafening roar of thunder, made the ground tremble beneath our feet.

"Yes," I replied, "that is very evident. How are we to get out of it?"

"That is a question I'm not able to answer. What do you say?" said the captain, turning to the negro, who was invisible to us, except in the flashes of lightning.

"Reckon we can't stay here all night, massa, if it keeps on rainin' like dis yere. It'll drown us out 'fore mornin'; de bayou is bery onsartin when it

gets full o' water. Yer can't see nothin' uv dis swamp—only de tree tops when de levee brakes."

"That's rather unpleasant information," said I. "The sooner we change our quarters the better."

"What direction shall we take?" said the captain. "Had we not just left the road, and did I not know in what direction it lies, I do not think, if my life depended upon it, I could reach it."

The negro, who had been standing passively by, apparently indifferent to what was being said, suddenly exclaimed:

"Massa, I knows ebry foot uv dis yer ground, and I can go straight home de darkest night dat ebber grew. On de ole plantation dar is a cabin, mor'n a mile back from de road, and taint a great deal mor'n two miles from here. Dar ain't nobody dar, and dar ain't nothin' in de place 'cept some black moss. If yer want to go dar, dis chile will take yer to de spot."

"Certainly," we replied, knowing that any change would be for the better.

"Lead the way, my boy," said the captain; "we shall have to trust you to guide us safely through."

"Let dis yer individual alone for dat. Reckon we better keep de road for 'bout a mile farder, den we can go inter de swamp till we get to de cane fields; after dat it'll be mighty easy gettin' in de ole cabin."

Following the negro's advice, we, with great difficulty, regained the road, where the captain mounted his horse, and following the sound of the negro's feet as they splashed through the water, the lightning occasionally favoring us with a glimpse of him and the road, we groped on towards our prospective shelter. I had witnessed hurricanes at sea and storms in the tropics, but never saw anything equal in violence to the storm that surrounded us. So violent was the wind that the largest trees were prostrated on the road, and those that were sufficiently strong to withstand the blast were stripped of their leaves and smaller branches, which came whistling in our faces. Not a word was spoken by any of the party as we journeyed on; in fact, had we been disposed to converse, the mad roar of the elements would have made it impossible. We had gone about three quarters of a mile, and I had just drawn a tighter rein on my steed for fear of accident, when a flash of lightning discovered to us five armed men, seated on a tree, that had fallen across the road. Almost as instantaneously as the flash of lightning came the report of a musket, and the ball whizzed past between myself and my companion. In an instant, impelled by a sense of danger, the negro caught the bridles of our horses, and before we were conscious of his intentions, we were floundering in the swamp, completely hid from the road. Never did I more fervently pray for anything than that the storm would continue, but that the lightning would cease to flash. We had not gone two horses' lengths before the animals struck a spongy piece of ground, almost as soft as a carpet, sufficiently strong to bear our weight. Here we paused, and as the storm lulled for an instant, we could distinctly hear the voices of the men in the road. Two or three of them were evidently arguing that the man who fired the shot saw nothing.

"I tell you, Jake," said one of them, "you was dreaming."

"Dreaming!" replied the individual addressed; "a sloth could not sleep on such a night as this."

"Take it, you're right, Jake. What did you see?"

"See! I saw two men on horseback, and a nigger."

"That's a likely story," growled a voice.

"Well, maybe you are all smarter than I am; but you wait until the next flash, and if you do not see somebody in that road, my name is not Jake Martin."

The words were hardly spoken when a vivid flash lit up the scene, revealing for an instant every surrounding object. The party had evidently seized upon the moment to carefully scan the road, and with the darkness came laughs and jeers at Jake.

"Didn't you see six men and two niggers this time, old blunderhead?"

"No; I saw nothing this time," said the disappointed Jake, growing mad at the taunts of his companions. Springing from his seat, he exclaimed, with an oath:

"Any one of this party that says I didn't see two men and a nigger five minutes ago on that road is a liar!"

From this speech, and the quiet that for a moment ensued, it was evident, regardless of their former jeer at Jake, that he was a man whom, once roused to anger, the party stood in fear of.

"I did not doubt your word," said one of the men, in a conciliatory tone; "I only thought it rather queer that four men, with their eyes open, didn't see what you saw."

"Of course, if you saw them," said another, "they can't be out of musket range, for to go a rod in any part of the swamp around here is an hour's work; we've got plenty of ammunition, boys, let us give them a volley at every point of the compass."

"All right," was the general response. "Which way shall we fire first?" exclaimed one.

"In the swamp, to the right," said Jake, in a half-grumbling, half-satisfied tone.

Immediately five muskets were discharged into the swamp, directly across the road from us. In a minute the guns were reloaded and fired at a sharp angle from us, and we knew that the next discharge would place us in imminent danger. Up to this time we had remained motionless, lest their attention should be attracted to us, but now it was very evident something must be done. Leaning over my saddle bow, I whispered to the captain that we must make a move in some direction, or be slaughtered in our tracks.

"Is there any chance of getting through to the cleared fields?" inquired the captain of the negro, who stood half-paralyzed with fear at his side.

"I reckon so," replied our sable friend, apparently hardly conscious of what he was saying.

"Well, take the reins of my horse, and go on as though a fiend were after you," said the captain, turning to me, "if you'll bring up the rear guard, we'll give these fellows a race."

Although our conversation had been carried on in the lowest tone, it must have attracted the attention of the party in the road, for they ceased firing to listen. So certain seemed our capture, that I became almost desperately indifferent to danger. In a blind swamp, almost impassable by daylight, guided only by a frightened negro, and within easy range of the muskets of a band of ruffians, there seemed to be but little hope of escape.

The first plunge of the captain's horse settled the matter in the minds of the party in the road. They knew our position, and now came the struggle for life. They discharged their pieces, the balls cutting through the branches over our heads. A yell and a crash through the bush followed. Jake was right. They knew how many there were of us, and they anticipated an easy prey. Our horses were of but little service to us, and we should have abandoned them had we not known that we could fight better upon their backs than upon the ground.

Although our pursuers could make but little headway, we were slower than they. So eager were they for our capture, that they did not stop to load their muskets.

I was almost abreast the captain, when, with a sudden plunge, my horse sank in the mud, nearly to his haunches. That instant three of the party were upon us—one of them not more than a yard from me. I had held my revolver in my hand from the time they commenced our pursuit. The lightning again revealed us, and the foremost villain made a dash for me.

As he sprang to grasp my right arm, I raised my pistol, but the cap snapped. I had seen in the flash that he had thrown his musket away, and was armed only with a knife. With one bound he reached my horse's back, and before I could turn to face him, he had me by the throat. I could not see, but I knew his knife was raised. I threw up my arm for protection. The villain struck, but by good fortune a limb was between me and the knife, and the blade was buried deep in the wood. Before he could recover it, my revolver was again cocked and at his breast. This time my pistol did not fail me, and the assaulting party numbered one less. At this point the lightning became our friend. By its constant flash we could determine the position of our assailants.

The captain was a sure shot. Aiming at the one nearest to us, he discharged his pistol, and the man fell. The remaining three were only made the more desperate by the loss of their companions. They rushed upon us like maddened demons. My horse had extricated himself from the mud, and was moving slowly on when I was the second time attacked, and by a more wily antagonist than the first. He knew that I was armed with a pistol, and that he must do his work with a sword. He could approach me only in the darkness, and in a flash would jump so suddenly as to prevent me from aiming accurately. Twice I fired, but missed him. With a sudden bound he caught my pistol arm and dragged me from the saddle. I found myself in a grasp of iron; I knew from a curse he uttered, that it was Jake. My only hope was in preventing him from using his weapon, and with the strength of desperation with my free hand I seized his arm in time to prevent a thrust aimed at my heart. The struggle, I knew would be a short one, for I was conscious that my strength was not equal to his. He was gradually bearing down my arm, when a momentary glare of lightning discovered to me the negro with a huge club in his hand. The next instant a heavy blow was struck, and the ruffian sank lifeless to the ground. The negro had brained him with the club. Once more released, I sprang to the assistance of the captain, who, I knew from the sound, was in deadly conflict with the two remaining desperadoes. My assistance was not required, for before I reached the captain, he had disabled one of them, and the other, seeing that there was no longer a chance for him, made good his escape.

Fortunately, neither of us were injured in the affray. The negro had acquired extraordinary courage by our success, and as we determined not to again try the road, resolutely struck out for the place of our destination.

The storm had abated but little; still the great danger we had passed made it of minor importance, and in less than two hours we succeeded in gaining the open fields, and soon after, the cabin we had passed through so much peril to reach. As well as we could determine in the dark the building we were about entering seemed to have been rudely thrown together to meet some emergency. Whether it was constructed for a dwelling or a barn, could not be easily decided, for it was about as fit for one purpose as the other. It contained one large square room and a garret, the floor of which was laid with loose boards, which formed the ceiling of the room below. The garret was reached by a ladder, and as the negro informed us, it was partially filled with cypress moss, we concluded it would be the most comfortable place to spend the remaining portion of the night. The cabin was but a short distance from the woods, and out of view of any habitation.

We had been in the building about an hour, and the negro had fallen asleep, when we were startled by a clattering of horses' feet, and voices at the door.

"I wonder what's up now?" whispered the captain.

"Anything but a serenade, I'll be bound," replied I, mechanically, as the thought of new danger presented itself.

"Who has got a match?" exclaimed a gruff voice at the door, as three or four men entered the room below.

"Here you are, captain," was the reply of one of the party.

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"Here you are, captain," was the reply of one of the party.

Almost immediately a light was struck, and the men, evidently familiar with the locality, commenced piling pine knots in a rudely constructed fireplace in one corner of the room. A bright blaze soon revealed to us, through the cracks of the floor upon which we were lying, the countenances of the party.

Seven more villainous-looking men I never saw. The man addressed as captain was a dark-visaged, long-haired, round-shouldered individual, apparently about thirty-five years of age. While the party were drying their wet clothes by the fire which was kindled for that purpose, the captain said to one of his men:

"Bring in the prisoner. We can't afford to let him die a natural death, and if he stays out there much longer strapped on that mule's back, he will be drowned in the rain."

At this command three of the men went out of the door and soon returned, half-dragging and half-carrying a young Union officer, who seemed to be almost speechless and exhausted. We soon learned from their conversation that he was captured in a raid made by the party through our lines, and the object of the capture was to gratify the personal malignity of the captain, who had, on some former occasion, been himself a prisoner in the charge of the captured officer. When the prisoner was brought in he was partially unbound, and soon recovered his consciousness. The captain, observing this, remarked to him that he must manage to save strength enough to appreciate hanging, for it was their intention to do him that honor at sunrise.

"We've no time to build a gallows for you; your carcass, in less than three hours, will be swinging from a beam over your head. This is a little compliment that I promised to make you, if you ever fell into my hands. The only difference between you and me is, that I managed to escape from your clutches," said the captain, with a frightful oath; "but you'll not get out of mine, rest assured of that, my blue daisy."

"But you cannot intend to murder me?" exclaimed the prisoner.

"That's a matter of opinion," returned the captain. "If the rope is short enough you will probably not touch the ground for several hours after you have commenced to stretch it."

This last expression could hardly have been said in a more sneering and brutal manner. The young man, apparently satisfied that any remonstrance from him was useless, made no reply, and the captain, after giving some orders to his men concerning the guarding of the prisoner, composed himself to sleep.

All this time our thoughts had not been idle. Each one of us were planning some means of rescuing the prisoner and effecting our own escape. The negro had awoke, and fortunately realized our position. It was necessary to act quickly, and noiselessly reloading our revolvers, we soon decided upon a plan of action. Fortunately the loud and blasphemous conversation of the ruffians below prevented them from hearing the few whispers that passed between us. We knew that the guerrillas had their horses tied to trees near the building, and that our first object was for one of us to reach the outside, and, after securing the best horse near our own, quietly turn the others loose in the woods. We would then shape our actions according to the best means at our disposal for the surprise of the party below. The building was so low that we could easily reach the ground from the small window of the garret. By this means we could easily effect our own escape unobserved, but we were determined to rescue the prisoner. We concluded to trust the negro to remove the horses and securely fasten the door on the outside, while we were watching for a favorable moment to fire on the villains below.

This plan, although feasible, depended, for its successful development, entirely upon favorable circumstances. In about an hour after we had decided upon our course of action, the fire had almost entirely died out, leaving objects in the room barely discernable. We knew the exact position of every man, and could make no mistake in our aim when the time came for us to fire upon them. Five of the guerrillas had already fallen asleep, leaving the other two to guard the prisoner. This appeared to be the time for action. The negro was now all nerve; a cat could not have more stealthily approached the window or more quietly leapt to the ground. We knew that his work would be done; we, knowing the occasion of the slight noises outside, were alive to every movement. Almost breathlessly we listened to the negro as he was removing the horses, which he did one by one, quietly leading them into the woods. That done, we heard him approach the door, and, with rails from the fence, securely fasten it, after which, by the assistance of a piece of timber, he succeeded in regaining the window. On entering the room we stationed him at the ladder by which we entered the garret, and prepared ourselves for the assault. In some places the apertures in the floor were sufficiently large to command the entire range of the room below, and each of us selecting a favorable position, we decided to shoot the guard first. It was the work of an instant; our aim was sure, and the men fell without a struggle. In the confusion, the yells, and the storm of rage that followed, two more ruffians were shot before they knew where our fire came from. We immediately changed our position, knowing that they would shoot through the floor, in the direction of the flash of our pistols. The three remaining villains dashed wildly to the door, and, finding it barred, they sprang for the ladder; but, before the leader of the gang had ascended three rounds, our faithful pistols did their work, and he fell dead at the feet of his companions. The other two, not knowing our numbers, cried for quarter, and surrendered themselves.

We descended the ladder and quickly secured the prisoner. Releasing the prisoner, and driving the captured guerrillas before us, we reached General Weitzel's lines in safety before the sun was an hour high. And thus ended our adventures with the guerrillas.

REST, SOLDIER OF THE UNION, REST!

BY EDWARD C. BIGGS.

Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!
The brave heart, that, within thy breast,
Beat proudly where our flag did wave,
Is silent now within the grave,
Where, safe from war's appalling storm,
Serenely sleeps thy manly form;
And summer flowers in peace shall bloom
Upon the sod that decks thy tomb.
No battle sound can there molest—
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

Firm didst thou stand amid the shock
Of charging squadrons—firm as rock—
Until, while giving blow for blow,
A rebel bullet laid thee low,
Wounded and bleeding on the sod
Already wet with patriot blood;
While o'er the field there came the cheers
Of victory, to greet thine ears.
Green grows the turf above thy breast—
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

Borne from the strife by comrades dear,
Fierce agony could wring no tear
From thee—nor uttered thou a groan—
Till in the hospital alone,
And sleeping on thy couch of death,
Tears slowly came as came thy breath;
For, in thy dream, thy thoughts did roam
To where thy mother wept at home.
In peaceful spheres, where dwell the blest,
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

THE MAGIC RING.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

JACOB VAN ANSELLER sat alone in his handsome room in his handsome house, and occupied himself in thinking over the handsome bargain he had made that day.

Marie Thompson was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with frank, hazel eyes, and a complexion setting at defiance all comparisons of pearls and roses. Mr. Van Anseller, a wealthy wine merchant, had seen her about two months before the opening of this story; and being in want of a wife he selected Marie to fill that situation in his household. The poor girl was not overwhelmed with joy at the prospect of this honor—indeed she obstinately refused to become Mrs. Jacob Van Anseller, and called down on herself the displeasure of her father, a narrow-minded, very poor tradesman, who owed some money to the wealthy lover. Mr. Thompson neither could nor would approve his daughter's refusal of this golden alliance; and when she could give no better excuse for what she had done than the declaration that she did not nor ever could love Mr. Van Anseller, her father "pooh, poohed"—declared he would "hear no such nonsense," and bade her make up her mind to become Mrs. Van Anseller within a month.

With so powerful a friend at court, the wine merchant did not despair, and the consequence was that poor little Marie, very pale, and nervous, and tearful, gave her promise to marry Mr. Van Anseller just one week before the conclusion of that spoken of by her father.

"True, she doesn't love me!" mused the wealthy bridegroom-elect in his handsome room, that evening, after the bill of sale had been finally arranged between himself and his prospective father-in-law. "But what is love? A fable—a girl's dream—a boy's madness! She will be a good little housekeeper, and how pretty she'll look behind the tea-urn at my handsome table. Pooh! Love, indeed! Stuff and nonsense!"

Mr. Van Anseller mused a while longer, but his thoughts took no definite shape; and after a while he slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a ring, a broad, heavy band of plain gold—evidently a wedding ring. He looked at it for some moments, put it back into his pocket again, and with a sigh of satisfaction dismissed Marie, ring, marriage, and all appertaining thereto, from his mind.

The wedding-day came, and Marie, more tearful, more pale, and more nervous than when she had given the fatal promise, faltered the affirmatives that made her a wife, and Mr. Van Anseller slipped the heavy band of yellow gold on her slender finger. As soon as they were alone he took her hand, and, pointing to the ring, delivered a short address, somewhat as follows:

"Marie, this ring has been the sign of union between my ancestors for more than three hundred years; and woe to the wife that dishonors it! It is made of a gold that will not brook alloy, and its darkening hue reveals every thought of the wife who forgets that she is wearing it. Remember! I shall see the first shade that tarnishes its brightness, though to your eyes it may glitter with all its customary brilliance."

Marie shuddered and snatched away her hand from her husband's grasp, feeling the ring scorch her finger as though it were already burning with some magic fire.

The wedding tour of Mr. and Mrs. Van Anseller was not an extensive one; the wine merchant knew the value of time, and at the end of the first week in the honeymoon Marie was formally installed in the large fine house over which she was henceforth to be mistress. She was not so unhappy as she had at first feared she would be; her husband was neither harsh nor cruel; and if he did not show her any of the tenderness and thoughtful devotion which young wives naturally expect, neither did he play the tyrant nor constrain the action of her free thoughts. She did not love him—she could not love him; but she began to have a certain dim, friendly regard for him, and her heart, being free, gave her no uneasiness; her husband, she thought, was a good sort of man according to his lights, and if these lights were

not very brilliant, perchance he was not to blame, and wouldn't she be ungrateful to think he was?

Six months passed away in this negative manner, which Marie would not have known whether to describe as happy or wretched. One evening Mr. Van Anseller announced, at the dinner-table, that a nephew of his own, just returned from a European tour, was coming to spend some weeks with him; "and, Marie, I hope you will do all you can to make his uncle's house agreeable to him," he concluded.

"Certainly, sir," responded Marie, with much the same tone and the same instinct of obedience with which she used to receive her father's commands, and, Mr. Van Anseller being apparently quite satisfied, no more was said on the subject.

On the morrow Franz Nurrenberg arrived; and Marie received him with even more cordiality than, in accordance with her husband's desires, she had determined on. The young traveler was of a most attractive and prepossessing appearance, and it would have been hard for a much older and sterner heart than Marie's, to have refused the welcome which his fair, handsome face, his bright face and blue eyes imperatively demanded.

Mr. Van Anseller seemed equally well pleased with his charming nephew—quite proud of him indeed, and smiled quite graciously at Marie's praises and admiration of him.

"Yes," he said, "the young dog! He's a handsome lad, and the living picture of his poor mother, my only sister. All the Van Ansellers are handsome."

Marie made no answer to this somewhat incredible statement; but, surveying her husband for a moment, wondered in her heart if it was the fate of the handsome Van Ansellers to lose all traces of their hereditary beauty with the coming years? Could Franz ever look, ten, twenty, thirty years hence, as his uncle Jacob looked? Impossible—impossible!

She turned away from her contemplation of his uncle Jacob with a feeling somewhat akin to disgust, and leaving him to his after-dinner nap, glided down to the parlor, where Franz was sitting by the grand piano, softly playing wild, plaintive German airs, and now and then joining to their sweet sighing the music of his voice, in strange, weird words, that filled Marie with a vague wonder, delight and terror.

Franz was an accomplished musician, and his voice was singularly sweet and pleasing; and when his beautiful young aunt expressed pleasure and admiration at his performance, he exerted himself to do his best. This musical entertainment after dinner, and while her husband slept upstairs, was a great, an exquisite, and most dangerous pleasure to Marie; and as day after day went by, she found that all the hours, from the moment she rose in the morning, were dreary, heavy, and inexpressibly dull till that magic time, when dessert was placed upon the table and Mr. Van Anseller began to nod and doze, and murmur brokenly in the first stages of sleep.

The evenings in the parlor were not all given to music now. Franz recounted his travels in foreign lands, and Marie had learned to think the low tones of his voice, in those half-whispered conversations, when he generally sat on the ottoman, at her feet, and held her hand in his—were they not aunt and nephew?—more sweet than his wildest, most plaintive songs. Nearly every night now her feverish sleep was broken into by strange visions of the handsome blue-eyed nephew of her husband; in dreams her lips touched his; her hand smoothed the waves of his golden hair; and with many a nervous start she awoke to shudder at the thoughts she obstinately closed her waking mind against.

"Franz will be leaving us soon, Marie," said Mr. Van Anseller, one afternoon, a little before the dinner-hour—the dinner, in fact, being delayed in consequence of Mr. Nurrenberg's non-appearance.

Marie had started violently, and grown deadly pale at the abrupt announcement, but her husband had not seen these evidences of her emotion, for his face was turned away. He repeated again:

"Yes, Franz will leave us soon, and I'm sure we will both miss him; I will certainly. Will you, Marie?"

Marie made no answer, and Mr. Van Anseller, having waited some minutes, turned towards her impatiently.

She did not seem to have heard one word he had been saying, her head lay wearily against the back of the chair, her face was perfectly colorless—marble-pale, and her eyes were closed in a sort of mute despair. One small hand clutched the arm of the chair, and the other hung listless by her side. Mr. Van Anseller was unpleasantly shocked, almost alarmed; and he had risen and made one step toward the bell-rope, when he stopped suddenly. An awful frown gathered on his brow, and his eyes glared wickedly from beneath his bushy brows—glared, and were fixed with the blazing fire of lightning on the slender, white hand holding the arm of the chair in its tightest grasp.

He made but one stride and reached the chair, and clutching his wife by the arm, raised her with a jerk to her feet. Marie met his wild gaze with a sort of maddened horror in her own. She had cried out at first, for his hold on her arm hurt her; after that, his hold tightening and growing more painful, she shuddered away from him, and moaned drearly.

"What does this mean?" he asked, in a voice husky with rage.

"What?" murmured Marie, plaintively, and following the direction of his gaze.

"That—the ring is growing dark, and darker—it will soon be black."

Marie uttered an inarticulate cry, and wrenching herself from his grasp, struck with her other hand the marriage ring on her finger, as though she would have struck off thus the fetters that bound her to him.

"I never loved you—I never pretended to love you—and now I hate you!" she said fiercely, and turned haughtily away, to meet the blue eyes of Franz Nurrenberg, standing on the threshold, and

regarding her with a look of pitying tenderness that was as a healing balm to her sore and wounded heart.

Mr. Van Anseller saw his nephew too; and uncertain how much of the scene just past he had witnessed, desired him somewhat gruffly to enter.

The spasm of jealousy which had almost led Mr. Jacob Van Anseller to strike his wife did not interfere with his after-dinner nap; though it is impossible to say how sound that slumber might have been could he have suspected that his rival had sat, during dinner time, directly opposite him, and at the first sign of approaching somnolence, had descended to the parlor with his wife.

Marie felt that a dreadful crisis had arrived; the full extent of her mad passion for her husband's nephew she had never guessed till the moment in which she learned that he was so soon to leave them, but now that she realized it in all its terror—in all its magnitude—it took possession of her and carried her heart, her conscience, her soul away, in the resistless whirlwind of its might.

"Then you will leave me, Franz?" were her first words when they were alone.

"Never!" and he clasped both her hands in his, answering the love he had long since read in her eyes. "Never—death alone shall separate me from you. Did he strike you, Marie?"

"No," and she shivered, "but he will—he will kill me, Franz."

"He is capable of it, but you will never see him again. Go, and return to me at once, for within this hour you must leave him for ever. This is no time for words, or for scruples. Go, dearest—not a minute is to be lost," and pushing her gently towards the door, he released her hands, and as he did so, the ring, broken in two fell on the floor between them.

"Heaven be merciful!" ejaculated Marie. "It is an awful omen."

"It is a happy omen!" exclaimed her lover with a triumphant smile. "You are free from the chains he would have bound your soul and body in; it was old and worthless," he continued, picking up the pieces of the ring; "it was much worn, mended in many places, but it has done duty for the last time. How close I must have held your hands, my darling—so close to my heart I will guard you while I live, and so I haul from you every memory of past misery;" and as he spoke, he cast the broken pieces of dark gold contemptuously from him, while Marie, reassured and with a smile, hastened to her room, and as hastily returned, cloaked, hooded, and veiled.

Neither Marie nor her lover heeded the dreadful storm of that night; in vain did drenching rain, and roar of thunder, and glare of lightning, seek to delay their wicked flight. They had already passed the fields and meadows surrounding the wine merchant's handsome country house; and had entered the little wood, beyond which the lights of the station-house glimmered, and the shriek of the coming locomotive sounded above the storm.

The rain poured in thick streams through the leaves and branches—the lightning flamed, blazed, and disappeared, and the quick peals of thunder seemed to shake the very ground on which they trod. A flash—a roar—a crash—a wild cry! And on the morrow, under the smiling blue sky, and the gay, bright sunlight, it was hard to recognize the blackened, seared corpses that were dragged from beneath the trunk of the splintered oak, as the bodies of Marie Van Anseller and Franz Nurrenberg.

THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO.

ONE of the most curious entomological objects which has attracted the attention of naturalists traveling in Mexico is the curious insect of which the Indians, in the neighborhood of Santiago and Cantilla call *chicarra*, and which is sometimes called the *animal plant*. It is so called from a peculiar excrescence starting from the head of the insect, the nature of which has given rise to much discussion. Some maintain that it is purely an animal product, supplied from the insect itself; others that it is a true plant, or vegetable substance, starting from the brain of the insect. The hypotheses are both wrong. The insect is a kind of grasshopper (*Acrida plebeia*), in its larva state, and the excrescence which it bears, resembling a miniature branch of coral, is a vegetable parasite, a kind of fungus or mushroom called by the botanists Hill and Watson *sphaeria et torulosa sphaerulifera*. This is certainly a curious and interesting kind of parasite, but by no means singular in the history of the cryptogamist. Nearly all the mushrooms are parasites—that is to say, such as are developed on other organized bodies. Some attack or start from plants, others from animals. Numerous examples might be quoted in illustration of this point. It is probable that, after being hatched from the egg, the larva of the grasshopper quits its cradle in the earth and seeks escape to the surface; the parasite in question, in the



CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL-PLANT, OF MEXICO.

condition of a germ, becomes attached to its head and takes root there, as any ordinary vegetable in the soil. After transformation, this excrescence falls off, and the fully developed insect appears as in the third figure in our engraving.

AN ARMY IN MOTION.

Few persons have an idea of the appearance of an army in motion. The last number of the *United Service Gazette* supplies some statistics which will give the reader an idea of a large army:

In the campaign of the past summer, the army of the Potomac, as near as we can arrive at the figures, appears to have numbered ordinarily about 120,000 effective fighting men. Its transportation is reported to have consisted of about 4,200 wagons, 800 ambulances, 30,000 artillery, cavalry, ambulance and draught horses, 4,500 private horses, and 22,000 mules, making an aggregate of 50,000 animals. This is just about one-third animals to the men, about the same ratio as obtained during the Peninsular campaign and ever since, while the ratio among western armies, during the same time, and always, has usually been one-half, and generally, very nearly two-thirds animal to the men. The figures in Gen. Sherman's combined army during the Atlantic campaign, footed up generally about as follows: 100,000 effective fighting men, 6,300 wagons, 900 ambulances, 32,000 artillery, cavalry, ambulance and draught horses, 4,500 private horses, and 36,000 mules, making an aggregate in all of some 72,000 animals. These figures are simply enormous, and will give the reader some slight conception of what an army really is, if he will but consider them for a moment. For example, an army of 125,000 men, marching in column or four abreast, and the intervals but six feet apart, which is less than the usual interval of troops on the march, would extend over a distance of 35 miles, without making any allowance for the usual intervals between regiments, brigades, divisions and army corps. So with the wagons. On good roads where trains are kept well closed, it is calculated that each six-mile team will occupy on an average, about 60 lineal feet; so it would give about 90 teams to the mile, a large average on most marches, so that 6,300 teams would ordinarily require about 70 miles. If the weather or roads are bad, of course they will struggle along indefinitely, and thus require much more. An ambulance, on the march, usually occupies about 40 feet, so that 900 ambulances would occupy a distance of about seven miles. So with the artillery of an army of 125,000 men, it will usually have at least two guns to a 1,000 men, which would make 250 guns, or say, 40 batteries of six pieces each. Now, a battery, on the march, as a general thing, will occupy full 300 yards, so that 40 batteries alone would take about seven miles. These figures, thus roughly taken, foot up 100 miles, as the free and easy marching distance of an army of the size of the great ones that we have had operating east and west during the past campaign; and this, too, without counting in accurately our Bedouin Arabs, the cavalry that always swarm along for miles together, beside, in apparently almost interminable columns. Of course, no general with a moderate stock of brains, would ever think of marching his troops thus in one continuous line, and hence the necessity of parallel roads in moving an army to keep your troops massed well in hands.

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.—Stopping for a day or two at a short way from Boston, Jeemes went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit. Jeemes made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney's fashion, to interrogate the barber, as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"
"Yes, sir; have a shave?"
"And you also keep this oyster cellar?"
"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"
"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer me a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeemes solemnly, "do you shave with the oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under oath—or, rather, recollect that this is a serious business."

The barber started.

"One question more. Do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No—sir!" exclaimed the barber indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

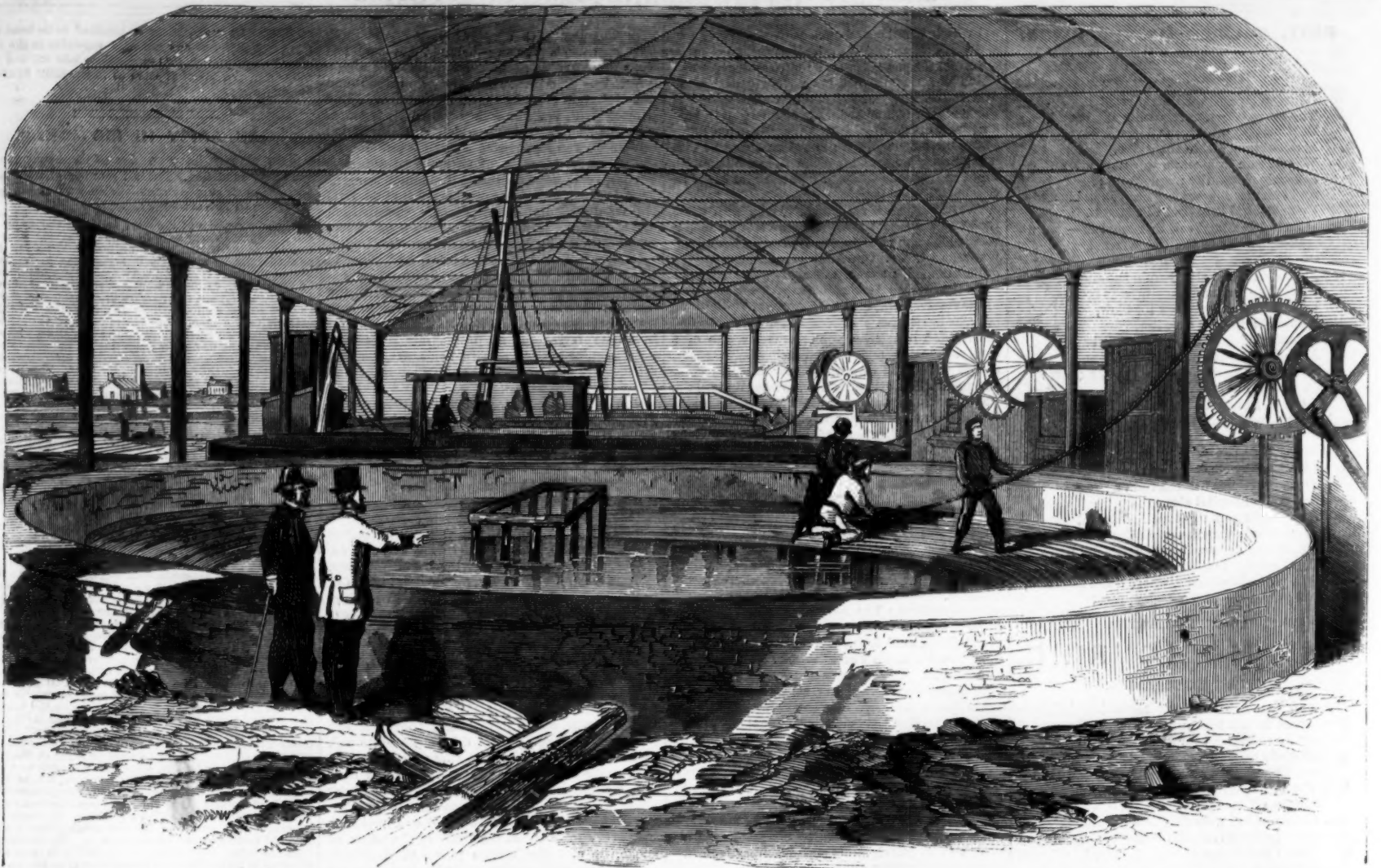
"Then shave me," said Jeemes, throwing himself into a chair, and untying his neckcloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

THE EFFECT OF TRADE ON THE CONDITION OF MANKIND.—It is the interchange of the products of one region for those of another which has had, on the whole, the greatest influence on the human race. Think, for an instant, of the transfer of the potato from America to Europe; of maize to Asia; of the far more ancient introduction of wheat and rice from Asia into Europe; and not these alone, but almost all the fruits. Think of the carrying from Asia to America, and, in fact, to all tropical lands, such products as sugar, coffee, cotton. Think, too, of the results of the search of gold, ivory, and the slaves in the interior Africa, and for gold in California and Australia, opening such immense districts in settlements. The search after platinum has disclosed the most guarded recesses of the Cordilleras and the Ural chain; while the need of copper first gave us our knowledge of the great system of American lakes. Without the expeditions to secure the whale, the walrus and the seal, as well as the fur-bearing animals, the polar world would be still untraversed. The discovery of coal on a hundred shoals otherwise unknown led to the settlement of man in colonies from India and China southward to the Antarctic continent, and northward to Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, and Greenland.

NEW HEATING APPARATUS.—M. Pelon, of Paris, has invented a new heating apparatus adapted to the warming of railway carriages, which consists of a cone of wood, covered with hemp, and made to revolve with great speed within a hollow cone of copper. These are enclosed in a metallic vessel, through which air is conveyed, and becoming heated in the passage, is then passed to the carriage. Motion will be given to the wooden cone by one of the axles of the carriage, and the heated air will be admitted to the vehicle by an arrangement under the control of the passengers. M. Pelon asserts that large mills could be more cheaply warmed by his apparatus than by fire. In the meantime, and pending more extended trials, he exhibits a little machine which keeps chocolate hot.

OUR TOWN MUST COME.—Generation after generation (says a fine writer) have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said, and we shall be left alone, in silence and darkness, for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lap our names.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the men, hear him speak of something else.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—COILING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE IN THE TANKS PREVIOUS TO SHIPPING, AT W. T. HENLEY'S WORKS, NORTH WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER, ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE.

Our present number contains several interesting sketches from our Special Artist in England, illustrating the progress of the great electrical event of the age, the result of which we may expect to hear in a few days.

One of our illustrations represents that most interesting moment when the shore end of the cable was being shipped. Our readers need nothing to convince them what a monster the Great Eastern is; but our correspondent says that, although it was blowing a gale, and it was dangerous to attempt to board the ship in a tug, she lay perfectly motionless, almost as steady as a rock in the ocean. It may give the reader some idea of the immense weight on board, when we inform him that it was over 27,000 tons. All the weights are stowed as low as possible, to counteract to the utmost the tendency which

large ships have to roll. On the voyage round to Valencia both screw and paddles will be used, but during the laying of the cable only the screw, except on special

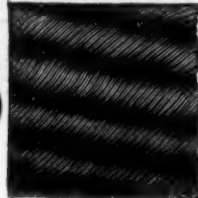
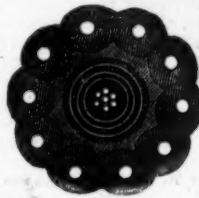


FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE OF 1858.

occasions. The paddles, however, will be kept constantly under steam, so as to be ready at a moment's notice.

There has been the greatest exclusiveness shown by

the directors, only one of that influential body being allowed on board. Messrs. Canning, Clifford and Temple have absolute charge of the engineering department,

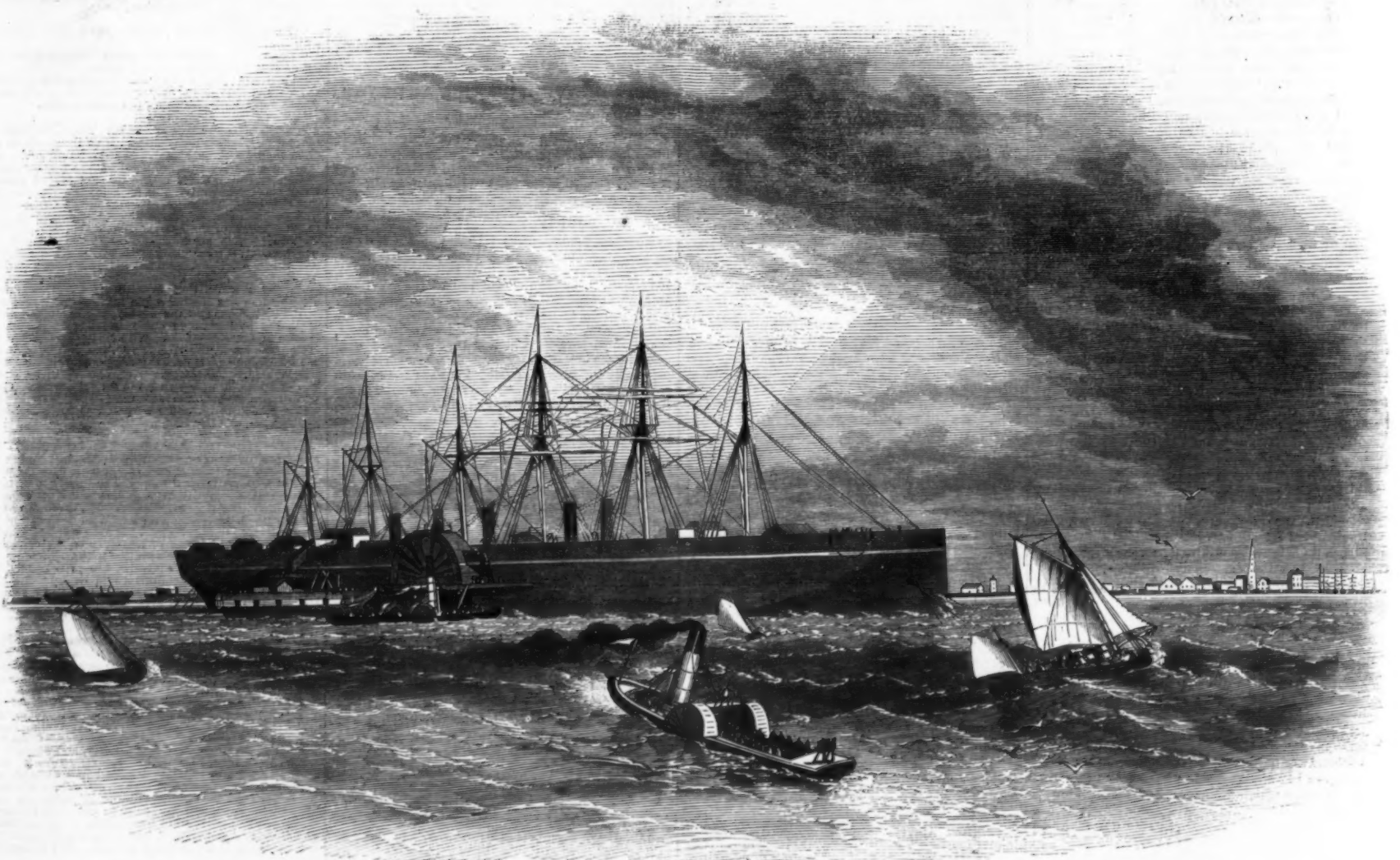


FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE NOW BEING LAID.

and Mr. De Santo of the electrical. Professor Thompson, a man of great eminence in the profession, is to be the referee in case of any difference of opinion.

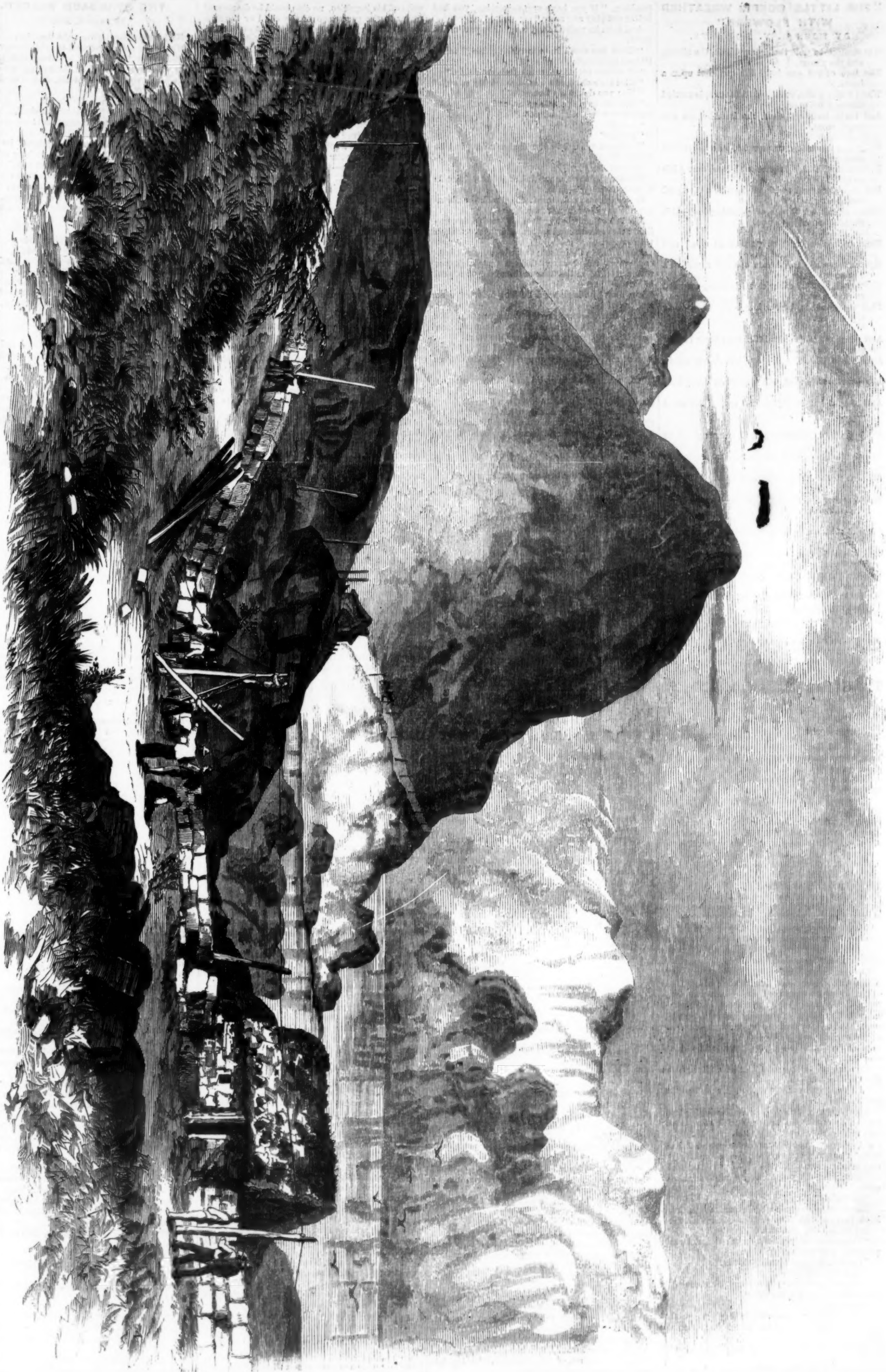
The Great Eastern was expected to leave her moorings on the 15th July, and most probably would leave Valencia about the 19th July. At the rate of six miles an hour, she would be due at Heart's Content on the 3d of August. We hope our next paper will chronicle and illustrate her arrival there, and the triumphant completion of the great undertaking.

No accomplishment is more necessary, or of greater benefit to oneself and others, than the cultivation of epistolary correspondence. Many friendships that might have lasted through life have been dissolved from the neglect of it—many advantages lost, and many means of usefulness put out of reach.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—THE STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN IN THE MEDWAY, OFF SHEERNESS, ENGLAND, RECEIVING ON BOARD THE CABLE FROM THE BARGE ALONGSIDE.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW ON THE ROYAL MAIL ROAD LEADING FROM KILARNEY TO VALENTIA, IRELAND—CONSTRUCTING THE NEW TELEGRAPH LINE FROM DUBLIN TO VALENTIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BEGGS.



"THE LITTLE COFFIN WREATHED WITH FLOWERS."

BY MISS E. V. ROBERTS.

'Tis strange to note the dreary blank, the silence and the gloom,
The loss of but one baby life can cast upon a home,
When a tiny coffin, wreathed in flowers, is carried through the door,
And earth hath one child the less, heaven one angel more.

Many may deem it overwrought, who never had such grief;
To mourn with this impassioned love, over a life so brief,
But in a thousand saddened homes, a thousand mothers know
These anguished throes of yearning love—this depth of speechless woe.

Time stills the burst of passionate grief, and bringeth thoughts of peace,
But oh! no length of time can bid a mother's sorrow cease;
Though clasped by other childish arms, caressed by others, still
That vacant place, beside her knee, none other e'er can fill.

And when, at night, the little ones their simple prayers have said,
And with a kiss she softly layeth each one within its bed;
Her heart, unsatisfied, will turn from every fond caress,
And long, if but for "just once more," the sweet lost lips to press.

She looketh on the evil world, its suffering and its sin,
And thinketh of God's paradise, her darling safe within,
And thanketh God with humble heart, it did but live to know,
The sunshine and the joy of earth—naught of its crime and woe.

But oh! still—still within her heart there is an "aching void,"
And the hope she hath in those who are left, is chastened and alloyed;
The home can never be the same to her it was before,
The little coffin wreathed with flowers, was carried through the door.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST JOHN.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE END OF A BAD LIFE.

THE gaming-saloon at Bevan's Hotel was brilliantly illuminated; the rattle of the little ivory cubes, and the rustle of cards, as they were rapidly dealt out, proclaimed that the sport was progressing.

Few words were spoken by the excited players, who comprised men of every denomination—country squires, professional blacklegs from the metropolis, well-to-do farmers, shopmen, clerks, a few foreigners, and one member of the church, who endeavored to hide his white necktie and clerical suit beneath a long cloak.

Only a few privileged inhabitants of the place knew of the existence of this den of iniquity; and these, after passing through to the back of the hotel, were admitted, one by one, by a doorkeeper, upon giving a password.

Gideon Crawleigh was there, playing recklessly—cursing when he lost, shouting with exultation when fortune sided with him, and quarreling with his antagonist on the slightest grounds.

The person with whom he was playing *courte* was a tall, sallow-faced man, whose beard, manner and conversation proclaimed him an American. He appeared to be much the luckier and more skillful player of the two, and preserved his coolness of temper undisturbed through the whole of the evening, while Crawleigh, under the influence of drink and play, was almost mad with excitement.

"I shall win this game," cried Gideon, as he dealt the cards.

"I guess you won't," replied his antagonist, playing the king.

A fierce oath fell from Gideon Crawleigh's lips, as the American gathered up trick after trick; and he again ordered brandy hot.

"I calculate that makes twelve games I have won," remarked the Yankee; "consequently you owe me sixty pounds."

"Well, I'll play you another game—double or quits."

"All right!"

The cards were again shuffled and dealt, Crawleigh playing with more than usual carelessness.

But all in vain. He lost.

"That makes it just one hundred and twenty pounds," said the New Yorker.

"One hundred and twenty devils!"

"You lost, my friend."

"I don't know how you managed, but certainly you contrived to win the game."

"All fair."

"May-be; but it certainly is very strange that a man should win thirteen games one after the other."

"Hope you don't mean to say that I cheated you."

"I say it looks very odd."

The American rose from the table, merely re-

marking, "If you have any suspicions, you had better not play any more."

And then he walked away to another part of the room.

"Then you won't have another game?" asked Gideon Crawleigh, following him.

"Certainly not, if you think I play unfairly."

"Give me a chance of winning back my money."

"No; you doubt my honesty."

"You like to play a safe game, and go away with your money in your pocket!"

"I do!"

"Sneak!"

The blood rushed to the Yankee's face, but he said nothing.

"Cheat!"

The answer was a mouthful of tobacco juice in Gideon Crawleigh's face.

Crawleigh was no coward. He struck the stranger a heavy blow on the face.

The bright barrel of a pistol glittered in the gaslight; there was a loud report, and the room filled with smoke.

All started to their feet; and when the sulphurous vapor rolled away, Gideon Crawleigh was seen stretched on the floor in the midst of a pool of blood.

The man by whose hand he had fallen, was no longer visible.

With many curses on the unfortunate man's head, the landlord, assisted by some waiters, raised him up, and a surgeon was sent for.

"He must be put to bed immediately," said the man of medicine to the proprietor of the house; "he is dying."

"I have no bed to put him in," was the surly reply; "but he lodges not many yards from here. He had best be removed to his own home."

It was done. He was laid on his bed; the tiny orifice in his chest, from which the blood slowly oozed, was plugged and bound up, but still the surgeon shook his head.

"The man is dying fast!" he said.

As those words fell upon Gideon Crawleigh's ear, he sat up in the bed, and tightly grasped the doctor's wrist.

"It is not true!" he cried; "I shall recover! I will not die!"

"You must not talk thus," rejoined the doctor. "You are in a very dangerous condition."

A pallor spread over the invalid's brow—a look of fear in his hollow eyes.

"If you have any friends you wish to see, it would be well to send for them," continued the surgeon.

"Friends! I have no friends!"

And he sank down upon the bed again with a groan, weak from the great loss of blood.

"Yet," he continued, after a few minutes pause, "there is some one I should very much like to see, if I am to die."

He paused again, hardly decided whether he should reveal his secret or let it perish with him.

At length, with the air of a man who had made up his mind, he continued:

"I mean Mrs. Freshfield, the widow, who lives in the little cottage on Thornton Heath. If any one would tell her that I wish to see her on very important business, I have no doubt she would come at once."

The kind-hearted doctor was not long writing a short note to Mrs. Freshfield, stating that Gideon Crawleigh was on the point of death, and wished to see her.

Then, calling one of the idle crowd who had gathered about the place, he despatched him with the missive, and a promise of a reward if he returned with Mrs. Freshfield.

During the time the messenger was absent, the unhappy man tossed about on his bed in extreme agony, cursing, raving about the important secret, and then entreating the doctor to save his life.

Many kind and soothing words did the kind-hearted surgeon whisper to his dying patient—words of consolation to the sinful soul, of hope for the wicked.

"It's no use preaching, doctor; cure me first and I will listen to your sermons afterwards," was Crawleigh's response.

And he fell into one of his swearing fits again. At length the messenger returned, and with him Mrs. Freshfield and her brother-in-law.

"You are come at last!" he cried, fixing his glazing eyes upon the party. "A little while longer, and the doctor tells me you would have been too late!"

"Pray what do you want with me, Mr. Crawleigh?" asked the widow.

"I have something very important to tell you."

"What about?"

"About your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the widow.

"My nephew!" cried George Freshfield.

"Ha! ha!" cried Crawleigh. "You little thought that I knew anything about him!"

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"Dead."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but drying up the tear that stood in its corner, she cried:

"I do not believe you. My brother-in-law will find him and bring him to me; but if you know where he is, for heaven's sake, tell me."

"I tell you he is dead—I saw him die!" he repeated. "Listen, and I will tell you:

"When I was about ten years of age, I was sitting with my father, one dark evening, when a knock was heard at the door. I opened it.

"A man, wrapped in a long cloak, was standing there, with a bundle in his arms.

"Does Simon Crawleigh live here?" he asked.

"He does," was my reply.

"Give him this," said the stranger, placing the bundle in my arms, and walking rapidly away.

"I took the bundle to my father, who opened it.

To our utmost astonishment, it contained a fine baby, apparently about three months old.

"My father immediately handed it to me, and started in pursuit of the stranger, who had left such a charge upon his hands.

"But the man was nowhere to be seen, and I

spite of his inquiries, no clue could be discovered either to the parentage of the child or the residence of the person who had left it at our house.

"A poor woman, who lived in the neighborhood, was sent for, and, for a trifling consideration, undertook the office of nurse.

"There was no mark of any description on the child's dress, and my father knew not whether it had even been baptized or not.

"And so the babe became part and parcel of our household, though we knew nothing of its origin till it had been with us about six months, when my father received a letter, bearing the Australian postmark, from a person, whom he afterwards discovered was your husband, stating that the child was his son—that his name was Charles Freshfield, and that he would become entitled to a sum of money on arriving at the age of twenty-one.

"Certain documents, which would enable my father to put him in possession of his property, were also enclosed, together with a touching request from the father that he would be careful of the child.

"This injunction my father obeyed, and when he died, about ten years after, he left the child in my charge.

"Of the father, your husband, we heard nothing more.

"As I was now in possession of the papers which had been deposited in my father's care, I began to appropriate the money to myself, forging the names both of my own father and your husband.

"The boy grew on into a sharp, active, intelligent lad, and I began to be afraid of him; the more so that there were rumors about in the neighborhood of the large fortune which he was to inherit, which I doubted not would come to his ears.

"Then, I began to consider how to get rid of him; and, after many schemes had been thought of, I resolved that his death alone could save me from discovery."

Weakness began to overpower the guilty wretch, and his breath failed him.

He sank down on the bed exhausted.

After a brief interval of repose, he started up in a hurried manner.

"I killed him!" he cried; "what's the use of concealing it now I myself am at the point of death?"

"Murder!" shrieked Mrs. Freshfield, springing to the bedside as a tiger springs on its prey.

"Vengeance is not for you," said the doctor, interposing; "it is rather your duty to forgive."

"Forgive the murder of my child? Never."

"I killed him with poison—slow but sure. In my coat-pocket you will see the certificate;" and he fell backwards in a state of insensibility.

"Take her away," said the doctor, turning to George Freshfield. "It can do her no good to remain here now that she knows the worst."

And the sorrow-stricken woman was led away, crying:

"Oh, my child! Where is my child? Death to his murderer!"

Gideon Crawleigh hovered between life and death; but it seemed almost impossible that he could exist much longer.

There was yet another trial awaiting him, however.

He received a visit from Guy Raymond, Ralph St. Clare, and Walter Raymond.

Guy Raymond—very stern and sad—sat down by the bedside of the dying man, and spoke to him not for a few moments.

The sight of the wasted form of the murderer recalled to him his own errors—the mistakes he had been guilty of in the past—the injustice he had wrought upon Ralph St. Clare—and the temptations into which he had thrown Walter.

"Crawleigh," he said, at length, "in such an hour as this it would not be right to blame you—or, at least, to invoke evil on your head. But it is my right to ask you some questions, and I expect you to answer me."

The kind tone in which this was uttered was so much at variance with the stern look upon his face, that Gideon Crawleigh, crushed as he was, and almost alarmed at its severity, was delighted into a ready answer.

"I will answer any questions," he said, feebly.

"Tell me, then," asked Guy Raymond, "what is the reason you have thus attacked me?—what is the reason that, while leading one of my nephews into temptation, you have sought to ruin the other in my estimation?"

Walter stood near the bed, and at him Gideon cast a painful look.

Then, after a moment's communing with himself, he said:

"Well—well! I may as well speak the truth now. I loved Ella, the wife of Walter—I loved her long before she was his wife. I told her so; she spurned me, and I swore a deadly oath to be revenged upon her. I have done so, and in doing so, have included the whole brood!"

The blood mounted to his face as he spoke, and his eyes flashed fiercely.

It was evident that his old spirit was again being revived within him.

Guy Raymond laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come, Gideon," he said, "let not the spirit of vengeance again arise within you. You are dying—you have done evil; this is a time for repentance, and not for revenge."

The dying man buried his head beneath the bedclothes.

"I have told you all," he said in a voice scarcely audible. "I will say no more."

And he kept his word.

Not a syllable more would he say, though again and again they urged him to it.

And so he died, none knowing whether a curse or a prayer was traced by his latest breath.

It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the tree by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

BY JEAN L. BRUCE.

HE bore our flag to the fight that day,
Where the columns mov'd in bright array,
And each soldier's heart beat high with pride,
As the ranks march'd on like a surging tide;
Through the fiercest strife, and o'er death's despair,
He wav'd our banner aloft in air,
And there 'mid the flying shot and shell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell!

"Hurrah! for the Stars and Stripes," he cried,
As he plung'd 'mid the battle's reeking tide.
"Hurrah! for the Union—on, boys on!"
A moment more and our flag was gone;
"Our flag for ever!" his white lips gasp,
And he clutch'd it still with a dying clasp,
Where drums were beating—where bullets tell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell.

How wept his mother in helpless pain,
When told that her noble boy was slain,
And the gray-haired sire drooped his head,
When he heard his only son was dead;
They made him a grave with a soldier crowd,
With a tatter'd flag for his winding shroud,
For 'mid battle's shout, and trumpets' swell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell.

Then rang the voice of his aged sire,
"On—on to the charge through blood and fire,"
And soon 'mid the battle's storm he stands,
Bearing our flag in his trembling hands,
"Down—down," he cried, "with each rebel knave,
O'er Richmond's fortress our flag shall wave!
Though our "Standard Bearers" may fall and die,
Like rainbow, our banner shall sweep the sky,
And float on high."

THE TWO PROFILES.

LOUIS MUSGROVE had taken a lodging at Yorkville. It was summer. Musgrove loved the country; its roses, its fresh air, charming views, and Sunday visitors. Musgrove was a native of Virginia—youthful, good-looking, impetuous and honest—picturesque himself, and the lover of the picturesque in others—warm-hearted, gay in manner—an observer of life under every aspect, a writer of no mean merit, and a caricaturist of the first class. And he had taken lodgings at Yorkville, whence he occasionally went to New York, so as not to lose the true smack of the city humor.

An artist, whatever his branch, weaves his art into his life, and devotes his life to his art. He who separates the two, is not an artist, but a mechanic. The result is not a life, at times scarcely a livelihood. So Musgrove used to go to the city, not as a traveler, but as a caricaturist. He never went by railway, but either walked, or got a lift in a wagon, or when the day was wet, took his place in an omnibus.

The day was wet, and Musgrove took his place in the omnibus. Chance took him to the end of the vehicle. A young lady sat on his right, in the corner. Musgrove began an examination of her face—he was always on the search for a new face to adorn his easel. The profile of Musgrove's neighbor was worthy the pencil of a Guido. Musgrove, an humble follower of that great master, paid homage to his memory by studying the model accordingly.

But artists are not always content with still life; they require animation as well as purity of outline. It was requisite, therefore, for Musgrove, by dint of his conversational powers, to produce that play of features which perplexes and delights others besides artists. So he began about the weather.

"It rains," said he, addressing his neighbor.

"What an interesting fact!" soliloquized spitefully and aloud, a lawyer's clerk.

"Lucky fellow," murmured an old bachelor, playfully, while one or two elderly married couples smiled to each other, approving the young gentleman's advances.

"It rains, miss," repeated Musgrove.

"It does indeed," answered the lady.

"I fear it will rain all day," continued the artist.

"There is much fear it will," responded the Guido face.

"Bad for the crops," commented an agricultural couple.

"Bad for my digestion," smiled Musgrove.

"How do you account for that important statistic?" sneered the lawyer's clerk.

"Because, not being used to trot about the streets with a load of papers, I enjoy a walk from the city to Yorkville, and rely on it for my appetite."

A chuckle ran round the omnibus, in which the young lady joined with an angelic smile, the clerk having offended her by odd smirks in the way of advances.

The culprit sank into silence, and carriages not being conducive to talking, each relapsed into his own thoughts, except the artist. Bent on interchange of ideas with some one, his right hand neighbor seemed to present the majority of qualifications.

"Perhaps you will be returning this evening?" hazarded Musgrove.

"No, sir, I shall not."

"Do you not, then, live at Yorkville?"

"Only occasionally."

"Perhaps, then, you live in New York?" continued the artist.

"Occasionally only."

"Ah! I perceive," and Louis smiled, as one pleased with his own cleverness. "You divide your time, then, between the two fortunate spots."

"I cannot admit such a compliment."

While speaking, she gracefully arranged her veil in folds on the further side.

"Pardon, madam, the stupidity of my conversation."

"Make no excuses, sir; its stupidity was the only part that pleased me."

"Can I atone for it by offering you to-day's FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?"

"Thank you, I have seen it."

"Perhaps your husband is connected with the press, that you receive it so early?"

"I am a widow."

"I beg pardon again—a thousand times."

A face such as that could not seem mortally offended. On the contrary, it spoke in gentle accents.

"I am a great lover of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and a friendly publisher supplies me with an early copy."

"Faith!" soliloquized the artist, "a widow, and one who can afford to receive early copies of Yorkville. Madam," he continued, "I am enchanted to hear of your good feelings towards FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

"Wherefore this great joy?" asked the widow, in a tone of surprise.

"You said, I think, madam, that you patronized FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?"

"Rather it patronizes me, by causing me to spend many a pleasant hour. I look upon it as one of my best friends."

"Then, madam, I have a little right to your good-will. I am a constant contributor to its pages, and, I trust to your pleasures."

"Are you, really? Then I am indeed glad. I have so long wished to know personally, or at least to see, some of the very clever writers who maintain that journal with such unflagging spirit."

"Madam, you will cause me to blush, or appear like an idiot."

"Impossible."

A bow.

"But can I ask, without indiscretion, which are your productions?"

"Ah, madam! the proverb says, 'Every one to his taste'; it might add, 'Every one to his secret'; I know your taste. It is FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In return, I will tell you mine. It is to know something more of every beautiful widow I meet with in an omnibus. We are now quits on the score of tastes, but we each retain our secret. These we can preserve, or—"

"What?"

"Exchange."

"Let us preserve them then," rejoined the widow, drily.

"To hear is to obey."

"But will you give me no indication?"

"Indication for indication."

"Well, agreed."

"Are you a draughtsman or a writer?"

"First, tell me whether you live most in Yorkville or in New York?"

"I live equally at both."

"And I write and draw with equal merit."

"Provoking! But I perceive you must be a writer, for your self-conceit."

"I have, on my part, long perceived that you were a wit, as well as a beauty."

"There, you return to your stupidities."

"For you reduce me to my wit's end."

"Well—to our compact—hint for hint."

"Hint for hint."

"But fair play."

"What do you mean?"

"Make use only of your wit to discover my secret—no underhand means. Do not follow me when I leave the omnibus, or ask questions about me."

"Madam, I flatter myself I am a man of honor. I give you my promise. In return, you must pledge yourself not to ask any questions about me, or to follow me when I leave the omnibus."

"Sir, I am a woman of honor. I promise."

"Then, now for our battle."

"What have you contributed to-day to the journal?"

"You inquire into the past—I only peer into the future. Shall you return to Yorkville by omnibus to-night?"

"I not think I shall ever travel by omnibus again. It is by pure accident you met me here this morning."

"A happy accident."

"Another stupidity. But answer my question as frankly as I answered yours: what have you contributed to this day's paper?"

"To answer truly and sincerely, without reserve, equivocation or reticence—nothing!"

"What am I to do? Here we are close to your office—you see I know where it is—and I am no further advanced than I was before."

"No more am I. But it is the easiest thing in the world to arrange. Tell me your name and address, and I will tell you mine. We have exchanged a challenge—by the rules of society, we should exchange cards."

"Although a writer for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, you must feel your proposition a little too enterprising. Ask yourself what you would think of a lady who consented to such an arrangement."

"Perhaps, madam, you are right. But the fear of losing so charming an acquaintance makes me hazard more, perhaps, than I have a right to stake."

"Well, we shall meet again, depend upon it."

"Is that a promise or a consolation?"

"Take it as you like."

"Will you remember that a letter addressed to Scarab, 964 Fourth avenue, will find me?"

"I will remember it."

"Is that an engagement or an emphasis?"

"An emphasis may be an engagement, though an engagement is not always emphatic. The omnibus is stopping for you to alight. Good morning, sir."

"May I not say *au revoir*, madam?"

"Say what you like."

"Will you reciprocate?"

"Yes, yes—*au revoir*."

"Is that an emphasis or a—"

He was on the pavement before his sentence was concluded, the door being alarmed to by the driver, who, for once, was in a hurry.

For a week Louis Musgrove was desperate—for another week he was anxious—the third he was melancholy—the fourth resigned. At the commencement of the second month he was drifting into love with another, when a *coupé* dashed past him in the Central Park, and the section of the Guido face greeted him with a bright smile.

Regardless of promises and philosophy, the young man rushed after the carriage. A crowd of foot passengers intercepted his career, and he returned home, more in love than ever, a sadder and a sillier man. For some days he was gloomy, abstracted and irritable. His thoughts flowed wearily, at a loss for an expedient. He went to sleep one night, and dreamed of Vanity. In the morning he rose rejoicing. The next day there appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a little story in a column of sentences. The title was taken from the old proverb, that "every medal has its reverse." It was surmounted by a vignette of the Guido face *en profile*.

CHAPTER I.

It rains.

One jumps into an omnibus.

He sits next a pretty profile on his right.

The profile is a young widow.

A veil hangs in graceful folds on the further side of her face.

He falls in love with the profile.

He enters into conversation.

The red lips part and betray pearly teeth.

He becomes still more enamored of the profile.

He proposes to the profile an ice at Maillard's.

Proposition declined.

He offers a dinner at Delmonico's.

Rejected.

He urges his suit.

Profile sighs.

Champagne and *pâté de perigord*.

Inexorable.

CHAPTER II.

He writes a burning letter.

It is answered.

He entreats an interview.

It is refused.

He writes again.

Protestations doubted.

He adores.

He receives for answer, that love, such as this, will not stand the test of misfortune.

Further protestations.

A walk to-morrow in the Central Park.

CHAPTER III.

The walk begins.

Profile leans on his right arm. More lovely than ever. Veil still in graceful folds over the right cheek.

Adorable creature!

Then you really love me?

He does indeed—and adorable creature!

Also a little.

May one not see the whole of that adorable face?

Will that jealous veil never be removed?

A blush.

Nay, I entreat.

Remonstrance and tremor.

A short silence. Distant thunder. Wind blows.

Rain falls fast. Shelter beneath a tree. Arm disengaged to run for carriage. Carriage found.

The door opens. With left arm he assists profile to enter. Veil flies back. Profile has but one eye.

Farewell, madame.

He pays the fare of the carriage. Shuts the door, and walks home—alone—blessing the philosopher who invented flight.

At the end of the tale was a vignette of the counter profile, with a great blot for an eye.

Sure enough, the next morning Musgrove received a letter, not at 964 Fourth avenue, but at the office of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

"If Scarab went a little into respectable society, instead of secluding himself to write lampoons, he might perhaps meet young widows with two eyes."

Scarab bought some new clothes, and straightway resumed his lodgings in the city. He accepted indiscriminately every invitation he received, but he did not meet his widow.

One day, a painter, a friend of his, invited him to a *soirée*. The painter was a rich man, and gave sumptuous parties. Large saloons, flowers, music, lights—everything to intoxicate the mind, or stimulate the senses.

Musgrove was equal to the occasion. He wished to do honor to his craft, and dressed himself magnificently.

The young man entered the ball-room to watch the dancing. His arrival soon became known, and the dancers dreading the well-known power of his pencil, and fearful of his ridicule, flagged in their steps, and their grace faded.

Musgrove to re-assure them, assumed the smile of a philanthropist, the equanimity of a philosopher, and the abstraction of a poet.

Standing half concealed near some flowers, he allowed the dancing to proceed undisturbed, and yielded his mind to pleasure—his vanity somewhat tickled by the sensation his presence had created, and his mind disposed to view with complacency his friend's hospitality.

Conversations buzzed around him.

GROUP 1.—ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.—Nos. 1 AND 2.

No. 1. Our friend is giving a brilliant entertainment.

No. 2. Lucky dog! With his pictures and his wife, he must have an income of at least forty thousand dollars.

No. 1. At least—and what a charming wife

No. 2. Not more charming than himself. I dine here on Wednesday.

No. 1. I agree with you. I dine on Saturday.

GROUP 2.—YOUNGER GENTLEMEN.—Nos. 3 AND 4.

No. 3. What lovely women! An artist has an eye for the beautiful.

No. 4. Beauty is enhanced by gold. So thinks our host.

No. 3. Do you see Musgrove? It is not often he goes into the world; perhaps he seeks for models.

No. 4. Beware he does not fix upon you.

No. 3. He might do worse.

No. 4. Perhaps he seeks, like our host, to unite the profession of a husband to his original career.

No. 2 (from Group 1). Well there is a good chance to-night for some one. Mrs. Hastings Everard once more honors society with her presence.

No. 4. Society will hail with enthusiasm the representative of thirty thousand dollars a year.

No. 1. And how very beautiful she looks!

No. 3. (enraptured). Like a Guido.

GROUP 3.—A YOUNG LADY, No. 5; AND A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, No. 6.

No. 5. How very curious.

No. 6. It is indeed extraordinary.

Nos. 1 & 3. } What } extraordinary?

Nos. 2 & 4. } is } curious?

No. 5. A lady in the boudoir.

No. 6. A very beautiful person.

No. 5. Not exactly beautiful.

No. 6. Well, perhaps not, but so like.

No. 5. So like a caricature in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

No. 6. The lady with one eye?

Group 2. But has this beautiful lady only one eye?

Group 3. No; two eyes.

All. Who can it be?

The sounds murmured in the distance. Musgrove, with his heart beating, as he afterwards declared, moved into the boudoir. There—there, occupying a whole sofa, dressed richly and artistically, sat the lady of the omnibus, dazzling in beauty and diamonds, smiling triumphantly, and surrounded by a platoon of admirers.

Musgrove again half concealed himself by a curtain, and gazed on the beautiful vision before him. Her white neck rose majestically from her massive but symmetrical shoulders, which in their turn stood out in bold relief from the sharp outline of her velvet dress. Every turn of her head was graceful, and the well-gloved hand that held her bouquet or her fan was small and taper as a child's.

For the first time in his life Musgrove felt abashed. He could not hear her words; but as she spoke, her admirers laughed in chorus, and Musgrove thought she was telling his story, and that they laughed was against himself. He was simple-hearted, though a caricaturist, and he did not yet know that an ample fortune adds a peculiar pungency to the witticisms of a handsome widow. But the idea of being ridiculed steeled the young man's heart. Guiding himself with the armor of his profession, he placed a smile on his lips, and walked jauntily to the sofa. The widow observed him for the first time, and a blush spread over her face and neck. It was a good sign, and Musgrove became relentless.

The widow bowed.

"Good evening, sir, it is some time since we met."

He bowed in return silently.

"We have been laughing almost foolishly," she continued.

"I trust not at the humble individual who now addresses you."

"Ah! You who joke others are the first to resent jokes yourselves. Supposing you were the hero of our merriment."

"It would probably supply me with the supplement to a romance."

The widow gazed at the young man with that imploring look common to women and dogs.

"Be re-assured," she rejoined, "we were only canvassing a play."

"I did not know you were acquainted with my friend Musgrove," interposed the host, who was passing at the moment.

"Oh, yes, indeed. We are fellow-laborers."

As she spoke, she moved her skirts on one side with that gesture peculiar to ladies who invite you to sit next them on a sofa. The gesture dispersed the platoon of admirers.

"What induced you to attack me in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?"

"To effect one of two objects; and I have succeeded."

"What were they?"

"Either to pique you, and thus revenge myself; or to flatter you, and thus find you."

"And you think I was flattered?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do you think it legitimate to bring your powers to bear against a defenceless woman?"

"As legitimate as you consider it not to keep your word. I gave you my word not to follow you, nor inquire after you, and I kept it."

"I made the same promise, and I kept it."

"But you gave hopes."

"Can one give hopes in an omnibus?"

"Ah, madam, an omnibus can contain as true a heart as a gilded *coupé*."

"Bravo! A capital sentence for your next article!"

"Brava! You wish to humiliate me by my profession."

"You do me an injustice."

"You have treated me badly, and I cannot trust you."

"If you really knew the truth, you would not consider yourself ill-used."

"I can conceive no possible excuse."

"What would you have thought of a woman who wrote to you without knowing your name?"

"But you might have known me."

"No sooner did I discover your real name than I wrote to you."

"But you did not give me yours. You left my finding you to chance."

"You wish to humiliate me by avowals."

"What do you mean?"

"It was not quite chance that made us meet to-night."

"Why, our host did not know that we had ever seen each other."

"But his wife is a friend of mine."

"When I did see you," exclaimed the young man in a transport, "my knees almost gave way under me."

"I suppose it was only the *sang froid* of a writer that supported you."

"As a writer I should have succumbed; it was my artist half that sustained me."

"Then you are two men against one woman, and the game is unequal."

"Yet the woman has beaten the two men."

"Explain yourself."

"You have learned my name, and I am ignorant of yours."

"Really, do you assert that you do not know who I am?"

"On my word of honor."

She looked at him fixedly; then continued in a low tone:

"Guess it then."

"I shall guess your Christian name."

"What is it?"

"Constance."

"Then you must know me. I have always been called Julie; but my name is Constance likewise."

"I give you my word it was a guess; but I know I could not be wrong."

"Then how did you discover me?"

"It is the name I love best."

A pause.

"Now guess my surname."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Surnames are vulgar, commonplace. They were invented for the purposes of civilization or utility. We never think of those we love by their surnames—our sisters, our mothers, our children, our wives. If we lived with them on a desert island, we should soon forget any name but those of baptism. It is a Christian name that lies in our hearts. Society may require me to salute you as Mrs. So-and-so. Shall I thus recall you in my dreaming hours?"

Another pause, and the widow said, in a tremulous whisper:

"Then I must tell you myself. My husband was an old man, who treated me as his daughter; his name was Hastings Everard."

"In that case, madam, I must bid you good-by."

"Why?—why?"

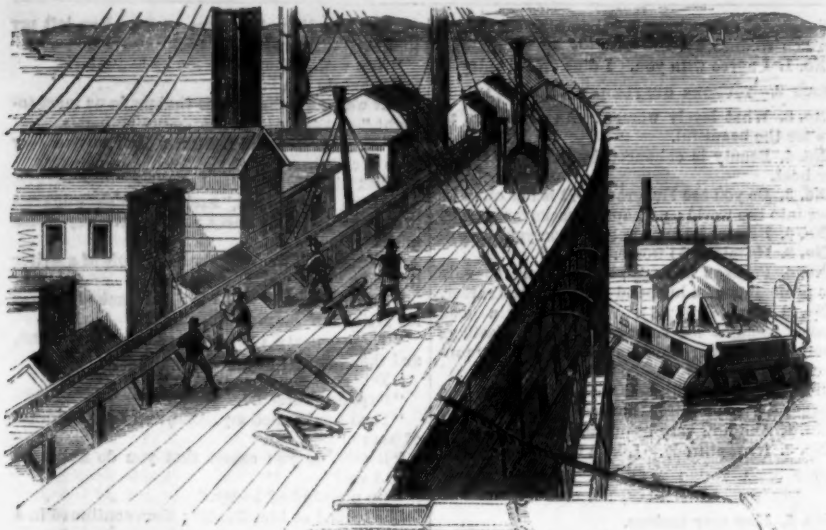
"Mrs. Hastings Everard is in every one's mouth, the beautiful widow and the rich one, with thirty thousand dollars a-year, and all the world at her feet. I thought I was speaking to my companion of the omnibus, equal to myself in fortune, and, perhaps, not above my love. No, madam, I will not contend with the world, where there are so many rivals to mortify my pride during the race, and to win it at the end. Let me stop short at the starting-post, not to lose my self-esteem as well as my happiness."

The handsome features of the young man flushed as he spoke, his eyes half filled with tears.

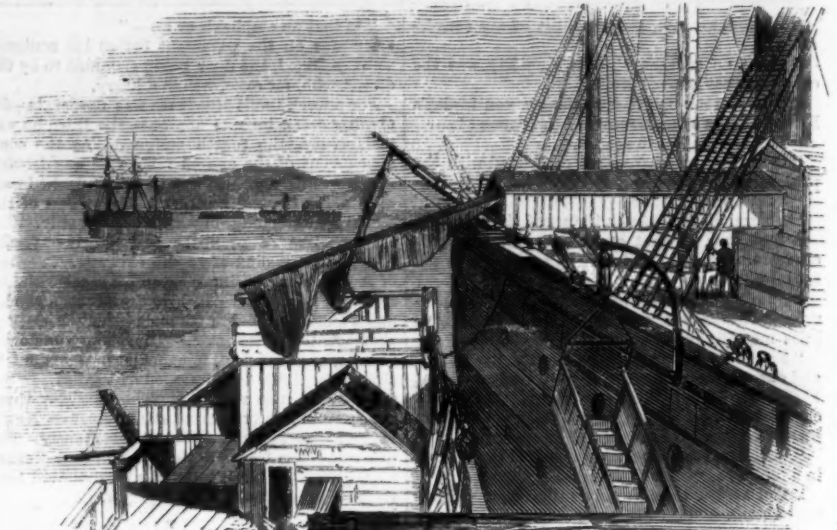
"So farewell, madam," he continued.

"No, sir; I will not say farewell. It is not thus I part with Scarab. Stay."

Not many months afterwards Mr. Louis Musgrove gave a ball on his own account, and the Guido face received the guests.



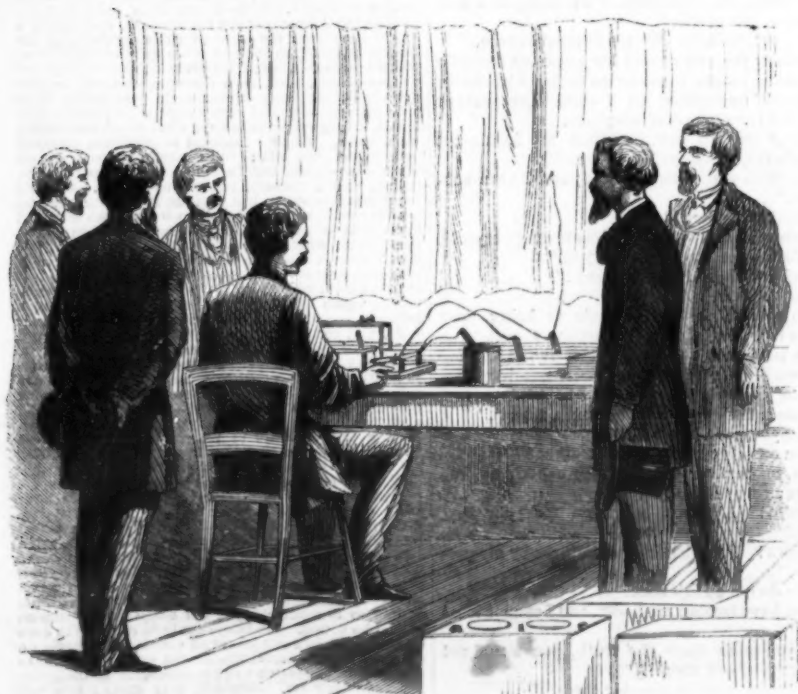
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—CONVEYING THE CABLE FROM THE HOLD OF THE HULK TO THE TANKS ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.



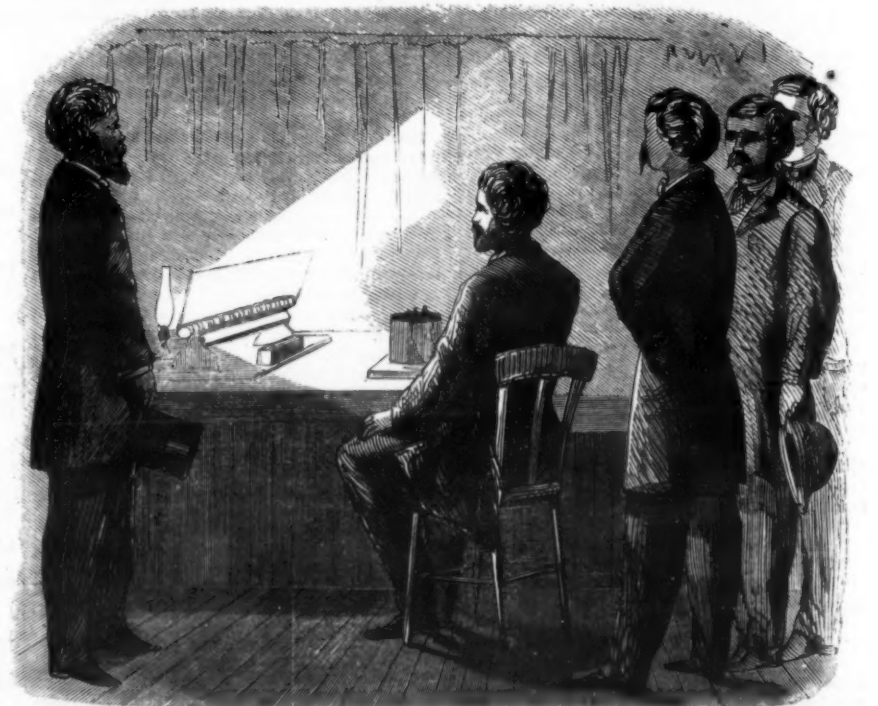
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—CONVEYING THE CABLE FROM THE FORWARD TANKS OF THE HULK TO THE PAY-OUT APPARATUS ON THE STERN OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



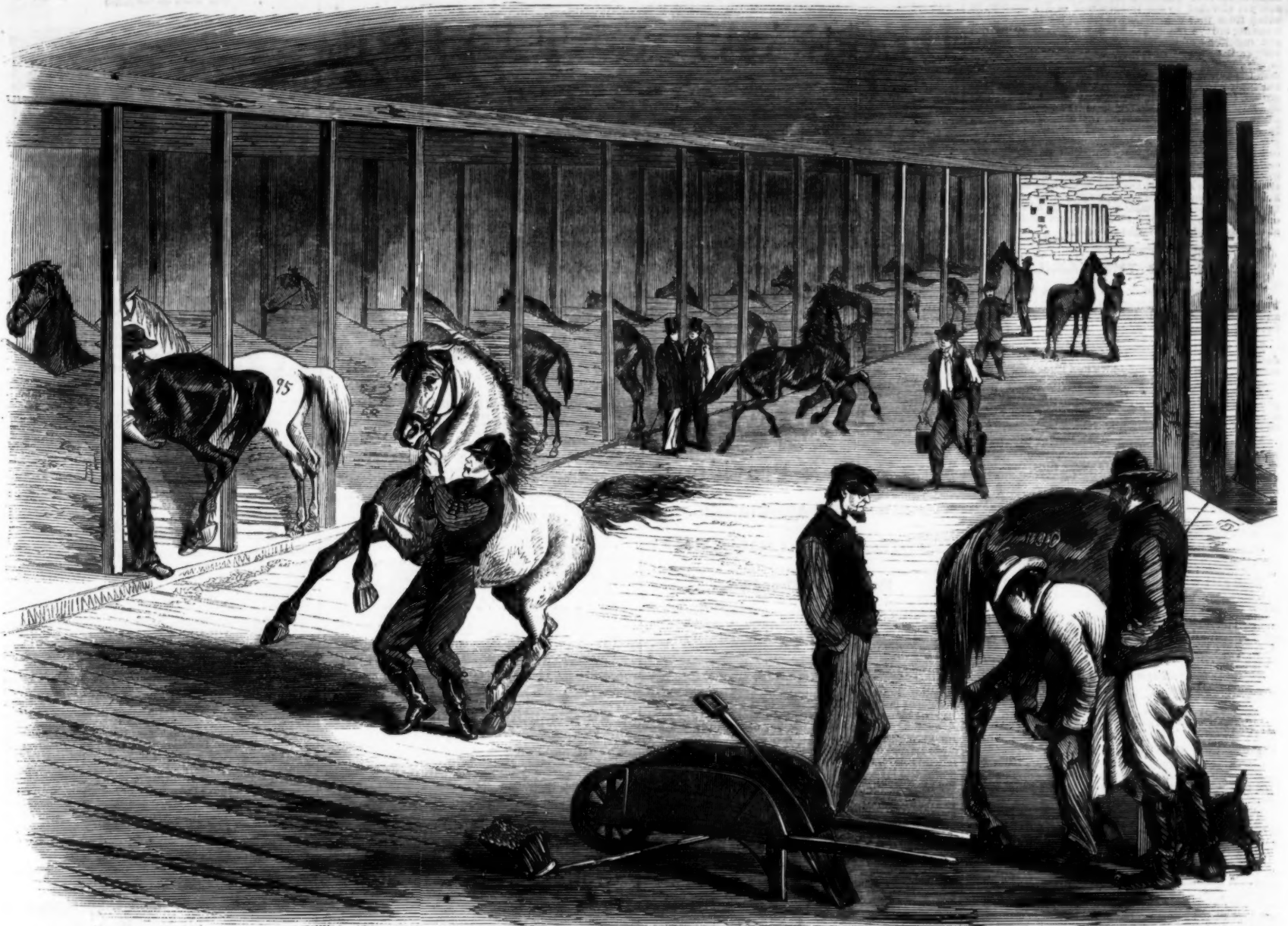
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—SHIPPING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE FROM THE TANKS AT W. T. HENLEY'S WORKS, NORTH WOOLWICH, ENGLAND, TO THE STEAMER CAROLINE.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—THE TEST ROOM, ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN—SENDING A MESSAGE THROUGH THE CABLE, 1,600 MILES IN TWO MINUTES.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—RECEIVING THE MESSAGE IN THE TEST ROOM OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



INTERIOR OF THE GOVERNMENT STABLES, 35TH STREET, NEAR 11TH AVENUE, NEW YORK—EXAMINATION OF HORSES PREVIOUS TO SALE.

W. T. CRANE.

In our present number we give a portrait of Mr. W. T. Crane, one of our many special war artists. He passed unscathed through the campaigns of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, to die of a throat disease, at Washington, on the 14th of July last, where he had been stationed for some time, to furnish sketches for our paper, of the current events of the time. His last sketches, in conjunction with another of our artists, were those which illustrated the execution of the assassins of President Lincoln.

te—most conscientiously did he fulfill, in his maturer years the filial promise of his childhood." These, after all, are the most precious words that can be uttered over the grave of any man, whatever his station in life.

THE GRANT-PEMBERTON MONUMENT.

The illustration we present this week of the Grant-Pemberton monument erected at Vicksburg, July 4th, 1864, on the site where the interview took place between Gen. Grant and the rebel Gen. Pemberton, who surrendered that city to the Union forces, July 4th, 1863, is one of the many interesting features that mark the history of the late rebellion. Probably no event, during the war, gave more general satisfaction to all loyal hearts, than the surrender of Vicksburg; and from the fall of that rebel stronghold may be dated the "beginning of the end" of the "so-called" Southern Confederacy.

READING ALOUD.—It is much to be regretted that this charming accomplishment of reading aloud is not more cultivated by ladies. You see half-a-dozen girls in a family, whether they are musical or not, doomed to hours of daily practice on the piano, which is in fact often so many hours of precious time wasted. How few ever play sufficiently well to be listened to with pleasure—and many of those who do play decently give it up as soon as they are married. I am not speaking against music—let those who have a real taste devote themselves to it, but certainly it ought not to be viewed as an educational necessity, like geography or history. Now there are few people who cannot be taught to read well, and there are a thousand ways in which a good reader can give pleasure. When fathers and husbands come home, tired from their professional duties of the day, how pleasant it is to them to have some good review read aloud by wives or daughters. But to do this well, a certain amount of study is requisite—first of all it is necessary to acquire a habit of sustaining the voice, then one must learn to modulate the tones, to attend to punctuation, and, above all, the reader must have a fair appreciation of the author's meaning. This involves a study of English literature, which is sadly

needed by most young ladies who are supposed to have finished their education. It is impossible to estimate sufficiently the importance of reading aloud in the family circle. Children are wonderfully impressed by hearing poetry; their tastes are formed, and their minds stored with knowledge, often far beyond their years, if they have been brought up where the English classics are read aloud and talked about. And in after life, how often, amidst turmoil and trouble, some scrap of poetry

or prose comes back to us in the tones in which we heard it read. Some noble sentiment—some pure thought—is thus for ever associated with "the tender grace of a day that is dead," and with "the sound of a voice that is still."

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.—The habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. Uncon-



THE LATE W. T. CRANE, FORMERLY OF THE CORPS OF SPECIAL ARTISTS OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Crane was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1832, and evinced, at an early age, a great taste for drawing. Since 1861, he has been on the staff of our special artists, and by his ability, and the truthfulness of his sketches, has illustrated many of the most glorious passages in our military history.

But it was chiefly as a good son and brother that Mr. Crane was most estimable. His brother, writing of him, says: "On behalf of the family, I thank you for your kindness to our brother, especially in caring for his remains after death. He was certainly a good brother and son—to his parents he was most devoted and affection-

ates to it, but certainly it ought not to be viewed as an educational necessity, like geography or history. Now there are few people who cannot be taught to read well, and there are a thousand ways in which a good reader can give pleasure. When fathers and husbands come home, tired from their professional duties of the day, how pleasant it is to them to have some good review read aloud by wives or daughters. But to do this well, a certain amount of study is requisite—first of all it is necessary to acquire a habit of sustaining the voice, then one must learn to modulate the tones, to attend to punctuation, and, above all, the reader must have a fair appreciation of the author's meaning. This involves a study of English literature, which is sadly



GRANT-PEMBERTON MONUMENT, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, ERECTED JULY 4, 1864, ON THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND THE REBEL GEN. PEMBERTON, ON THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRENCH & CO., VICKSBURG.

sciously, and from a very early period, there is established an intimate and endearing connection between the deductive mind of the mother and the deductive mind of the son. The understanding of the boy softened and yet elevated by the imagination of his mother, is saved from that degeneracy to which the mere understanding always inclines; and the different properties and functions of the mind are more harmoniously developed than would otherwise be practicable. Thus it is that, by the mere play of the affections, the finished man is ripened and completed. Thus it is that the most touching and most sacred form of human love, the purest, the highest, and the holiest compact of which our human nature is capable, becomes an engine for the advancement of knowledge and the discovery of truth. In after life other relations often rise by which the same process is continued. And notwithstanding a few exceptions, we do undoubtedly find that the most truly eminent men had not only their affections but also their intellect, greatly influenced by women. Therefore it is that those who are most anxious that the boundaries of knowledge should be enlarged, ought to be most eager that the influence of women should be increased, in order that every resource of the human mind may be at once and quickly brought into play.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT creatures took the smallest amount of baggage along when they entered the ark? The cock and the fox; they had but one comb and one brush between them.

In a German paper of this city, somebody desires to engage "a boy of fourteen years, or a young man of the same age," to help him in a lager beer saloon.

There is no safer protection against burglars than to feed your baby before going to bed with green apples. The little darling will keep you awake so that you can watch the rogues.

MRS. PARTINGTON is in New York. She came here from Boston, as soon as she learned by telegraph that gold was rapidly falling in Wall street, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the show, is going back a disappointed woman.

A TOAST.—"The Press: it expresses truth, represses error, impresses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

FASHION has at last taken to doing things on the square—buttons of that shape being all the rage.

The girl who succeeds in winning the love of a true man, makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

MISS ANNIE MOSSETT and Mrs. Ann Tipathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Bilty and remove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.

Amy (who has just seen twelve summers).—"Mamma, may I get married?"
Mamma.—"Married! Why, dear?"
Amy.—"Why, mamma, because the children have never seen a wedding, and I thought they would be so pleased!"

For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the waves beat against the shore, and it has recently come to light that it arises from the fact of there being muscles in the sea.

The best way of raising money is by the lever of industry. The griping miser raises his by screw power.

MORAL swashun consists in asking a man to do what he ought to do without asking, and then begging his pardon if he refuses to do it. Music hath charms to soothe a savage; this may be so, but I would rather try a revolver on him first. It always seemed to me that a left-handed fiddler must play the tune backwards. I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold. I never could see any use in naming wooden gods and female. The tell me that female are as scarce in the far western Kentucky, that a great many married women are already engaged to their second and third husbands.

The Emperor of the French is about to produce "Julius Caesar" in a new form. A new iron-clad is about to be published—we should say launched, and will be named after the great Roman. This may be regarded as a new edition, "with plates."

A VERY sensitive young lady on receiving a telegram announcing that a child was ill of the small-pox, dropped the paper with a scream, under the idea that it was infected.

A LADY, walking by the seaside, asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called "she?" The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

"VERY difficult, is it?" said Dr. Johnson once, when a small child had finished playing a piece of music; "I wish it had been impossible!"

A NEVADA paper says that a "zephyr" came into Virginia city, took up a 2,300 pound car off the railroad track, and carried it over house-tops and everything, and dumped it down half a mile off. A Nevada zephyr is a gale elsewhere.

"WHEN Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins—when Imperial Rome has fallen, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

A YOUTH, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

AN old Carolinian once said: "I was born the last day in the year, the last day in the month, the last day in the week, very late in the day, and have always been behindhand. I believe it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I had not been born at all."

"BOYS," says uncle Peter, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes."
They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion; and one inquired, "What is it?"
"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

A CELEBRATED dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to the dog.
"Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy."
The fellow took the hint, and was off instantly.

A YOUNG lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

CHARLES LAMB was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, piping manner:
"Is there no clergyman present?"
"No, sir," answered the guest.
"Th-th-n," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

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